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Twenty-One Reasons for Being Religious

By Dr. George H. Brimhall, President Brigham Young University

1. Because man has a spiritual capacity which can be developed through religion only.
2. Because man has spiritual yearnings that religion alone can gratify.
3. Because spiritual vigor or consciousness of spiritual strength is a source of helpful happiness obtained only by being religious.
4. Because religion has survived in the race for good, and whatever has survived in the race for good should be found in the individual.
5. Because religion makes easy and felicitous duties which, without it, would be burdensome and even painful.
6. Because the nations that have discarded religion have gone down.
7. Because the greatest civilization of ages is founded on religion.
8. Because the world's greatest thinkers have been, and are still, religious.
9. Because scientific men are religious.
10. Because at the fateful hour, when the Great War threatened the life of civilization, the greatest men of our nation pleaded for the study of the Word of God.
11. Because masterpieces of literature reach their climax in religious sentiment.
12. Because masterpieces of art are the reflection of religion.
13. Because persons who have been both skeptical and religious declare that the religious condition is incomparably the more desirable one.
14. Because communities where a religious influence is dominating are of a higher moral grade than those where skepticism prevails.
15. Because individuals of religious convictions are more inclined to render gratuitous, unselfish public service than are those indifferent to religion.
16. Because at religious services there is more of the putting of the undesirable tendencies of man into the background, and the bringing of the desirable tendencies into the foreground, than in any other form of mass movement.
17. Because the thing made declares the Maker, and there is so much made that man cannot produce.
18. Because the Word of the Lord carries over where the wisdom of the wise and the understanding of the prudent fail.
19. Because there is neither time nor opportunity in this life for virtue to become its own full reward.
20. Because no man can say from experience, "There is no God," but many have said and are still saying from *experience* or direct knowledge, "There is a God."
21. Because, if being normal means being all round in one's development, then one cannot be normal without *being religious*.



THE MEN WHO CONDUCTED THE FLAG EXERCISES

At the June Conference, in Memory of the Y. M. M. I. A. Members Who Gave Their Lives in the Great War.

Left to Right: Lieutenant Robert Owen Sweeten, United States Military Band. J. Leonard Love. Nineteen months naval aviation service, with North Bombing Squadron, in France and England. Was stationed at Paulic and Dunkirk, France, and Eastleigh, England. Alvin W. Kirkham. In line seven months. Drill sergeant for replacement of 5th and 6th Marines at Chateau-Thierry. Fought in Champagne, St. Mihiel, and Meuse-Argonne. Wounded twice and gassed once. June B. Sharp. Sixteen months overseas, four months on the lines and in action at Chateau-Thierry, St. Mihiel, Meuse-Argonne, and five months with army of occupation.

IMPROVEMENT ERA

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The Use and Sale of Tobacco*

Slogan: "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco."

By Elder Melvin J. Ballard, of the Council of the Twelve

I desire to read a portion of section 89 of the book of Doctrine and Covenants, a revelation given to the Prophet Joseph Smith, in Kirtland, Ohio, February 27, 1833:

"A Word of Wisdom, for the benefit of the Council of High Priests, assembled in Kirtland, and church; and also the saints in Zion.

"To be sent greeting—not by commandment or constraint, but by revelation and the word of wisdom, showing forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all saints in the last days.

"Given for a principle with promise, adapted to the capacity of the weak and the weakest of all saints, who are or can be called saints.

"Behold, verily, thus saith the Lord unto you, in consequence of evils and designs which do and will exist in the hearts of conspiring men in the last days I have warned you, and forewarn you, by giving unto you this word of wisdom by revelation,

"That inasmuch as any man drinketh wine or strong drink among you, behold it is not good, neither meet in the sight of your Father, only in assembling yourselves together to offer up your sacraments before him.

"And, behold, this should be wine, yea, pure wine of the grape of the vine, of your own make.

"And, again, strong drinks are not for the belly, but for the washing of your bodies.

"And again, tobacco is not for the body, neither for the belly, and is not good for man, but is an herb for bruises and all sick cattle, to be used with judgment and skill."

I desire to impress this thought, my brethren and sisters, that there is in this revelation no particular argument of a scientific character to show why these things that are forbidden are not good for man. Quite like the teachings of the prophets in all ages is this revelation through the Prophet Joseph Smith. Not by way of argument nor scientific reasoning giving forth

*Delivered at the M. I. A. Conference, Sunday evening, June 13, 1920.

evidences of the correctness of the doctrine have the prophets taught, but by positive, clear-cut statements, principles of truth, afterwards demonstrated to be correct. The prophet himself never engaged in any fine theories as to why tobacco was not good for man. The Lord Jesus taught in this same way: "Blessed are the pure in heart for they shall see God." That was sufficient. This ought to be sufficient for Latter-day Saints. It is on the basis of this revelation that we shall conduct our campaign. I am glad, however, that those who have given the subject attention have brought forth abundant evidence to prove that the revelation is true and the doctrine correct, and that there is no good in those things which the Lord has commanded we should not use, and the commandment came when men did not know that tobacco was injurious.

There is one suggestion in the revelation that the Lord gives as a reason for that commandment: In consequence of designs that are in the hearts of men now and that shall be hereafter, he warns us that we may escape the result of those designs. In the last verse of the revelation is this wonderful promise to us if we will keep his commandments: "I, the Lord, give unto them [who keep this commandment] a promise, that the destroying angel shall pass by them, as the children of Israel, and not slay them."

We have all experienced the truth of the revelation. God knew what was in the hearts of designing men. He knows what is in their hearts today. He knows what is yet to come. He did not promise that the judgments of the latter days would not be in the midst of the Latter-day Saints. They were about the children of Israel, for men died on the one side, and on the other, death passed by the door whose lintels were marked with the blood of the Lamb. The judgments that shall reap down the nations of the earth shall be in the midst of the Latter-day Saints. They shall be on the right hand and on the left, and shall pass if we keep the commandments of God and thereby become immune. I had it impressed upon me with very great force two years ago during the first epidemic of influenza. In my visits at the hospitals in the northwest I learned from the physicians, and the records prove it, that whenever influenza attacked an inveterate smoker there was no hope for him. His resisting powers were gone. His lungs were so weakened that they could not throw off the effect of the influenza and the result was that the death rate among this class of individuals was greater than in any other. I have visited sanitariums where victims of the white plague are kept, victims of consumption, and we have discovered that in many instances the affliction came because of a weakened condition of the lungs produced through the use of tobacco. I, therefore, feel, my brethren and sisters, that all the reasons others have for the non-

use of tobacco, we have, and in addition to that we have this commandment of the Lord. And so far as we are concerned we ought to be willing to abstain from the use of tobacco and the sale of it because the Lord has forbidden it. Some of our brethren and sisters seem to excuse themselves because the Lord did not come out and positively make it a commandment, but to me it has all the force of a commandment, for the second verse declares that this revelation is given to show "forth the order and will of God in the temporal salvation of all Saints in the last days." If it is the will of God, then it has all the binding force upon me, as a member of this Church, that a commandment of the Lord would have; for how can I excuse myself when the Lord makes known his will to me, and I disregard it? It is written in the scriptures that he that knoweth the Master's will and doeth it not shall be beaten with many stripes, and the responsibility of having known the will of God rests upon the membership of the Church, and we can not excuse ourselves, not be excused in the day of judgment, when we attempt to say: "Well, you didn't command me, Lord." He made known his will and that is enough. The Lord himself has said that he that waiteth to be commanded in all things is a slothful servant. Men ought to, notwithstanding they do not know the will of God—they ought to seek to bring to pass much righteousness. Now, having known what his will is, there is no excuse for us. We stand under the responsibility of knowing the will of God and if we disregard it, we shall be beaten with many stripes. I feel in my heart that we ought to respond as Adam did when given a commandment on a certain occasion, to build an altar and offer sacrifice to the Lord. He did it, and when the angel called upon him and saw him offering the sacrifice asked: "Why do you do this?" Adam gave that majestic and sublime answer: "I know not, save God hath commanded it." That was enough for him. It ought to be enough for every Latter-day Saint when the Lord has commanded it, and we are not left in ignorance as to the wisdom of the command, by reason of those evidences that have now come to us, showing the hurtfulness of the participation in the use of these things the Lord has forbidden.

You know the story in "Faust," where there is a conspiracy to capture the beautiful maiden, Marguerite, who is to be given to Faust, fulfilling the promise of Mephisto, who represents Satan; in the contract that has been previously made, you remember, if you have seen the play, how they stand about the accustomed haunts where she is wont to go. They look at her as she enters the church and as she comes out, and Faust is impetuous to claim her, but he is informed by Mephisto that he must be patient. "She is so fortified that we can not capture her yet. We must find some way into her citadel. Some avenue

must be discovered by which we may enter, for if she remains fortified she is immune to us." They watch and finally discover vanity. The jewels are placed in the garden where she may find them, the mirror also in which she may look after adorning herself with the jewels. Only one weakness, perhaps. It was discovered with temptation. The weakness caused her citadel to fall, and when once entered, no matter how well fortified on all other sides she succumbed and fell.

I want to tell you that the destroyer of the souls of men is not dead. We have succeeded in making some headway against him. We have stopped the traffic in liquor so that it is not legal; and some of us have folded our tents and feel that the battle is won, but it is not. The power that we have been fighting is highly awake and concentrating now his forces to enter into the citadel of the sons and daughters of God that he may claim them for his own, and he lays the temptation that those who have weaknesses may fall. I am sorry to say that tobacco users are rapidly increasing. There is a concentrated effort on the part of those who propose to perpetuate this evil to get gain and thereby also dragging down the bodies of the children of men; they propose to wage a mighty warfare, and it behooves us to put on the armor and to fight the battle in such a determined manner that we shall win, and rout this enemy who already has laid the trap and has found an ingress into the hearts of our boys, through their yielding to temptations, in violation of the pleading of parents and the commandments of God, adopting the use of that which will be hurtful to them and may mean their eternal destruction.

I want to bear testimony to you, my brethren and sisters, that we shall not get rid of the force of the habits of life when death comes. Do not imagine that we shall come up from the grave with all these lustful desires and appetites conquered. It shall not be except through our own struggle, our own effort, our own determination to serve God and to keep his commandments. We shall have the unconquered part of nature still to conquer and to overcome, and it may detain us a long time before we are permitted to go forth in the resurrection from the dead to enjoy freedom and immunity from the consequence of our sinning and wrong-doing in the earth.

I want to make an appeal to these girls. You are our greatest help in this battle. I remember in the days of my youth that there was a common saying among the daughters of Zion that lips that have touched tobacco shall never touch mine. I would like to revive that saying. Let it become a part of our battle-cry. I believe that there is no influence in the world so great as that which the young maidens of this Church wield over the boys. They will do most anything for you. They will

do more for you than they will for their fathers and mothers. But, O, what a loss there would be if our daughters shall yield and tolerate the tobacco user, or worse than that, if they should participate in it themselves. You hold in your trust the destiny of thousands of young men who will honor you more if you shall take a determined stand with them than if you will excuse them and tolerate their breaking the commandments of God. Oh, I plead with you, my dear sisters, that you will go home and co-operate with the daughters of Zion in your wards and stakes that they shall resolve among themselves—but do not make one or two the scape-goats—to enter into some kind of an agreement and covenant that they will not let the lips that have touched tobacco touch theirs and that they will not consent to enter into the holy bonds of matrimony with a boy who has poisoned his body with the use of tobacco.

A young man recently received in marriage one of the choicest daughters in all Zion, and after he had married her he returned to an old habit, the use of tobacco. I said to him: "I presume you think you have married the choicest girl in all the Church?" He said: "I surely do." "I presume that you also feel, if there are any extra choice spirits in the eternal world that the Lord contemplates sending at this time that your wife is worthy to be the mother of the very choicest and best?" He said: "I certainly do." "But," I remarked, "don't forget that He who holds the destiny of these extra choice spirits in his hands shall be extra particular where he sends them and he will say, undoubtedly, I would like to send this noble spirit to this worthy woman, but I hesitate because her husband will give unto the unborn a body tainted with the use of tobacco, and I decline to permit this extraordinary worthy son or daughter of mine to go through such a lineage." Boys and girls, like attracts like. If we want to draw unto ourselves the purest and best intelligences there are in the eternal world we must live like them and make a welcome for them, give them tabernacles that shall be worthy for them to come and enjoy. But we ourselves may be this very day closing the gates against ourselves because of our own disregard of this commandment of God.

I call attention to the purposes of all this, and not only to our individual salvation and immunity from the consequences of these things. We have started to build something, we have started to do something. That is why our fathers and mothers left their homes in foreign lands and we came, one of a city and two of a family, here, that we may raise up a posterity that shall be better than any that went before. Here we have started to build an organization, a community of people that shall become the light of the world, the salt of the earth, that shall attract the attention of men who shall come from the east and the west

and the north and the south, and say: "Come ye, and let us go up to the mountain of the Lord, to the house of the God of Jacob; and he will teach us of his ways, and we will walk in his paths."

I thank God that in my veins no taint of these things was given to me by either my parents or my grand-parents. I grant it is my best heritage, but shame upon me if, after a whole life time of struggle upon their part to throw off these things that were injurious, I should return to wallow in the mire. How may I hold up the standard, how may I build upon the foundations that have been laid for the superstructure, so that which was intended can come to pass? And that which God intended was that we should add to the contributions of our fathers by a little closer observance on our part of the commandments of God, giving to our children and to our children's children the accumulated advantages that each generation shall thereby improve, catch up the standard, lift it to higher points of vantage until we shall triumph in glory one of these days and become the distinguished people of the earth God intended we should be. We can not do it while we hesitate, while we tamper with those things God has forbidden.

I ask, my brethren and sisters, that you will go home from this convention determined to organize, not only to take up a campaign with the users of tobacco, but to organize in each of your associations a committee of the strongest men and women, and have them go to your storekeepers, particularly those who are Latter-day Saints, and to others, and preach the gospel unto them, the gospel of repentance that they shall cease to bring into your communities those things that tempt the youth of Zion. I remember the day when no man had a standing in this Church who would sell whisky. As I have read this revelation this morning I see no more emphasis placed upon the use of whisky than tobacco, and I tell you, as it was wrong for a man to sell liquor, it is wrong to sell tobacco, and men stand under condemnation who will sell tobacco. I pray that our brethren, if they have been in the dark on this subject, shall come to a right understanding, that they shall not be under condemnation or responsibility for having been the means of bringing degradation to one or more of these sons of our Father. As I think of this subject I recall the action of the Master when he went up on the temple ground and saw the money-changers violating the rules of the sacred precincts. He who was all gentleness rebuked them and drove them out. I testify to you that our hands shall not be clean in the day of accounting if we, in order to make merchandise in order to profit, traffic in the things that God has forbidden, and thereby bring sorrow and distress and misery to the sons and daughters of this Church. We who know the Master's will, let us beware, lest our hands

shall not be found clean, and we be beaten with many stripes. I ask you to organize your forces, to lay siege to those who sell tobacco, persuade them, convert them to give it up and leave it alone and sell it not. I ask also that every member of our organizations shall become a member of our own social betterment committee, who shall be responsible to see that the laws are enforced. There are laws in this state and adjoining states that make it unlawful for a person to sell or give tobacco to a youth, but we often see them using it and pass them by, not wishing to be informers. We must rouse ourselves from that lethargy of expecting somebody else to do it. Every member in this association should be an informant and insist on the maintenance of the law and not put it off on to your neighbor. And if we will join together in this movement we will stop the unlawful traffic in tobacco. We are willing to co-operate with others along this line, such organizations as the No-tobacco League in this state, that are waging an excellent campaign, but the basis in the Mutual Association is that we have as our reason for doing this and our authority the commandment of the Lord.

God bless us that we may feel the importance of the matter, that we may feel the weight and concern of it and take it to heart, and if we all unite we shall remove from our midst those things that offend God and that offend us. We should take up a labor in our cities and have ordinances passed refusing the use of bill boards to display before our children tobacco advertising, that they may be taken away from us, as well as the tobacco itself. And we should further extend our campaign to see to it, if possible, that every newspaper in this state refuses to sell its space to degrade the sons of God. The Lord bless us in this worthy undertaking, that we shall succeed and not be in the rear, but in the vanguard, leading the way as God expects us to, because he has given us so much more than others. The Lord bless us to maintain and honor that place and position which is ours, I pray in the name of Jesus Christ.

Recompensed

Through tedious watches of the darksome hour,
I thought the light of dawn would never come,
When lo! its silent gloriousness of power
Uprose and every anxious fear was dumb.

O comrade of the common pilgrimage,
Read not thy portend in the leaden skies;
Eradicate all thoughts of sin or shame I bear,—
There bloometh evermore some sweet surprise.

Minnie Iverson Hodapp

"Thou Shalt Have no Other Gods Before Me"*

By Elder Orson F. Whitney, of the Council of the Twelve

THE TRUE AND LIVING GOD.

Joseph Smith's first great service to humanity was in bringing back the lost knowledge of the true and living God. What do we mean by that? Who and what is the true and living God? He is the God of the Bible, the God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob, the God of Adam, of Enoch, of Noah, of the Patriarchs and Prophets and Apostles of old. He is the God described by Moses in the first chapter of Genesis, thus: "God created man in his own image, in the image of God created he him, male and female created he them." This is equivalent to saying that God is in the form of man, and that we have a Mother as well as a Father in heaven, in whose image or likeness we are, male and female.

ANCIENT IDOLS.

The world had need of this instruction, for they were worshipping all sorts of deities at that time. They had forgotten the God of their fathers, the God of Adam and of Abraham, and were bowing down to idols. In the days of Moses, fifteen centuries before Christ, there were three great centers of religious thought and philosophy. One was among the Phoenicians or Canaanites. They worshiped the sun and the moon, ascribing to them the powers of creation—worshiped them with licentious rites suggestive of creation. This was the worship of Baal and Ashtoreth, against which the children of Israel were especially warned. Down in Egypt they adored beasts and reptiles, such as the crocodile, the bull, the goat, and the beetle. The gods were supposed to be enshrined in such bodies, and if a goat died, it was buried with costliest ceremonies, amidst the mourning of a nation. Away off among the Hindus the seasons were deified—spring, summer, autumn, winter. These were thought to be the divine sources of life. The passions of the human heart—love, hate, fear, anger, revenge, and so forth—were also revered as deities. Then came Moses, a man who had seen the true and living God, had conversed with him face to face, and had received from him the Decalogue or Ten Commandments unto Israel. The first of those commandments reads: "*Thou shalt have no other gods before me.*" Is it any wonder that this commandment was given, and given first, under such conditions?

THE FATHER'S "EXPRESS IMAGE."

The world of Joseph Smith's time did not worship the sun and moon, nor the beasts, nor the seasons, nor the passions. Never-

*A sermon delivered at the April Conference, 1920.

theless, they had turned away from the true God; they ignored or misinterpreted what Moses had taught, that man is in the image of God, and therefore, inferentially, logically, that God is in the image of man. Jesus Christ, the Son of God, whom the Scriptures declare to be "the express image" of his Father's person, came down from heaven and walked as a man upon the earth, plainly showing what kind of a being God is. Moreover, when Philip, his disciple, said to him: "Lord, show us the Father," Jesus replied: "He that hath seen me hath seen the Father." But this teaching was lost upon the modern Christian world.

THE CHRISTIAN DEITY.

What kind of a God was Christendom worshiping when Joseph Smith and "Mormonism" came forth? Let Christian theology tell. Therein it was written, and it stands to this day, that God is a being without body, parts, or passions. The Church of England *Articles of Religion* so declare. The Presbyterian *Confession of Faith* so affirms. And this was the popular concept of Deity throughout the Christian world at the opening of the Nineteenth Century. In line with that tenet and teaching, the English poet Pope, who figured in the Eighteenth Century, represents God as a spirit or "soul" that

Warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze,
Glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees,
Lives through all life, extends through all extent,
Spreads undivided, operates unspent.

A very admirable description of what might be termed a spiritual emanation from God, that universally diffused essence that proceeds forth from the Divine Presence, and is the power that enlightens in greater or less degree every man that cometh into the world. It is indeed the light of the sun, moon and stars; the light also of the human understanding; in it we live, move, and have our being, for it is the principle of life throughout creation. But that is not the God who made man in his own image. That is not the Father, represented by the Son, in whom "dwelt the fulness of the Godhead bodily." It is not even the personage of the Holy Ghost.

DIVINITY AND ITS EMANATION.

There are Three that bear rule in the heavens, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, three distinct personalities, but the Father and the Son, according to Joseph Smith, are personages of tabernacle, having bodies "as tangible as man's," while the Holy Ghost "is a personage of spirit." From this Eternal Godhead proceeds a spiritual power or essence, omnipresent and immanent in all things; and this is what the poet was describing when he portrayed God as a "soul" that "warms in the sun, refreshes in the breeze, glows in the stars and blossoms in the trees," etc. This is what the Christian sects were worshiping—not Divinity, but an emanation from Divinity. They

had turned from the truth "unto fables," as did the ancients; and it devolved upon Joseph Smith to shatter the false doctrine of a bodiless, passionless Deity, and bring back the precious knowledge that had been lost.

JOSEPH'S VISION.

We are all familiar with the story—how a boy of fourteen years went into the forest and prayed; how he wrestled with Satan, and was delivered; how he saw a light above his head brighter than the noonday sun, and in the midst of it two glorious beings in the form of man, One of whom, pointing to the Other, said: This is my beloved Son, hear him." From that hour, there was one person, at least, upon this planet who knew what kind of a being God is. It was a virtual reassertion of the first commandment in the Decalogue, *"Thou shalt have no other gods before me."*

WHAT CONSTITUTES IDOLATRY?

To worship anything that God has made, is to practice idolatry. It matters not what it is. If we turn from the Creator to the creature; if we forget the Giver and adore the gift; if we forsake God and worship an emanation from God, we are idolaters, just as much as if we worshiped the sun and moon, or bowed down to goats and crocodiles. The man who loves money and makes it his main object—makes it an end instead of a means—is an idol-worshiper. Wealth is a blessing from God, and so is the gift to acquire it; and if men, when they become rich, use their riches in the way God designed, he approves of them and blesses them more abundantly. But the man who adores his possessions, and forgets that they were given for a good, a wise, an unselfish and an altruistic purpose, is an idolater, akin to those ancient peoples, who in their spiritual blindness worshiped things that God had made and given, instead of the Maker and Giver.

THE FINAL DISPENSATION.

Joseph Smith's next great service to the race was in opening this gospel dispensation—the Dispensation of the Fulness of Times. What does that mean? To dispense is to distribute or deal out in portions, as when the sacrament of the Lord's Supper is dispensed to a religious congregation. In a larger sense, it signifies the opening of the heavens and the sending forth of the gospel and the powers of the Priesthood, as a boon and blessing to mankind. The term "dispensation" also defines the period during which these saving and exalting principles, thus sent forth, continue operative in pristine power and purity. There have been many dispensations of the gospel, though men know little concerning them. The gospel of Christ is more than "the power of God unto salvation;" it is the power of God unto exaltation, and was instituted as such before this earth rolled into exist-

ence, before Adam fell, and consequently before man had need of redemption and salvation. It is the way of eternal progress, the path to perfection, and has been upon earth in a series of dispensations reaching like a mighty chain from the days of Adam down to the present time. The great difference between this dispensation and all others is, that this is the last and the greatest, virtually all dispensations rolled into one. God has decreed to bring together all things that are Christ's, both on earth and in heaven, and the first part of the divine program is the gathering of scattered Israel and the building up of Zion, preparatory to the coming of the King of kings, the ushering in of the Millennial Reign, the sanctifying of the earth, and its eventual glorification, when it will be converted into a celestial sphere, an abode of the righteous forever.

NOT AN ACCIDENT.

It was no accident, no chance happening—Joseph Smith's going into the grove that spring morning, one hundred years ago. It was an event predestined, heaven-inspired. I once thought that any good boy who prayed in faith could see just what Joseph saw. But I have put away that childish notion. I have learned that all boys are not Joseph Smiths. God hears and answers the prayers of the humblest of his children; but he answers them as seemeth him best, and not always in the same way. He gives according to the capacity of the one who receives.

PROPHET AND SEER.

It was no ordinary man that went into the woods that morning to pray. It was a Prophet, a Seer. Joseph Smith was not made a prophet by the people who held up their hands for him on the sixth of April, 1830, when this Church was organized. He was already a prophet, chosen, as Abraham had been, before he was born; ordained, like Jeremiah, before he was formed in the flesh. The people merely "sustained" him in that position, manifesting by the uplifted hand that they were willing to follow him as their leader, and to accept of his ministrations in that capacity. He was already a prophet, already a seer; God had made him such in advance. But all men are not Joseph Smiths. He was a man like unto Moses. He was the rarest human being that has walked this earth in the past two thousand years. And why did he go into the grove that morning and pray for wisdom and light? It was because the time had come. *The Hour* had struck, and *The Man* was there—the man whom God had provided.

THE WORLD'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

We are living in the Saturday night of the world's history. Earth has labored six days, and will rest upon the seventh, her period of sanctification. This is the significance of "Mormonism," of Joseph Smith, and of the work that he inaugurated—the lifting of the Ensign for

Israel's gathering upon this the land of Joseph, the land of Zion, to build the New Jerusalem, and prepare the way for the coming of the Lord in his glory. Earth has labored six days but they are not days of twenty-four hours each. Joseph taught that there is a great planet named Kolob, nearest the Celestial Throne, and that it revolves once in a thousand years. That is a day with God. It was such a day that Adam was warned of when told: "The day that thou eatest thereof, thou shalt surely die; for Adam, after eating of the forbidden fruit, lived to the age of nine hundred and thirty years. It was such a day that Peter had in mind when he wrote: "A day with the Lord is as a thousand years, and a thousand years as one day." According to our Prophet's teachings, God gave to this planet, Mother Earth, seven thousand years as the period of "its temporal existence;" and four thousand years, or four of those great days, had passed before Christ was crucified, while nearly two thousand years, or two more days, have gone by since. Consequently, we stand at the present moment in the Saturday Evening of Time, near the close of the sixth day, at the week's end of human history. Morning will break upon the Millennium, the thousand years of peace, the Sabbath of the World.

HOUSE-CLEANING IN PROGRESS.

Marvel not, therefore, that all things are in commotion. War, famine, pestilence, earthquake, tempest and tidal wave—these are among the predicted signs of the Savior's second coming. Earth must be freed from oppression and cleansed from all iniquity. It is God's House, and he is coming to live in it, and to make of it a glorified mansion. House-cleaning is in progress, and Saturday's work must be done and out of the way before the Lord of the Sabbath appears.

Memory

O memory, sweet memory,
 Let me recall the scenes I love of days gone by;
 Do not forget the friends I've met,
 Nor those now gone to other homes beyond the sky;
 And kind acts done by every one,—
 O write them all with trenchant pen, nor let them die,—
 Lest I forget.

O memory, be kind to me,
 I do not ask thee to erase all sorrow's care;
 I realize that most we prize
 The joy that's gained through sorrow's tears or deep despair;
 But memory, kind memory,
 Eradicate all thoughts of sin or shame I bear,—
 Lest I forget.

Harold R. Harrison.

Kemmerer, Wyoming.



Horned Owl

A Summer Outing and What Came of It

A Story for Boys, with Some Observations Which May be of Interest to Men

By Hon. Anthony W. Ivins

Chapter III

“Forests were ever the cradles of men;
Manhood is born of a kinship with trees.
Whence shall come brave hearts and strong,
When woods have made way for our cities of ease?”

With the first appearance of light in the east, the lumber camp was awake and active. Breakfast was eaten before sunrise, the logging teams toiled up the slopes, the whistle called the mill men to their places, and the work of another busy day began.

Frank Anderson arose, refreshed by a delightful night's repose, and packed up the load, while George brought in the horses. Breakfast was eaten with the mill hands, and after hearty handshakes and wishes of good luck and pleasure, the friends drove down the canyon toward their destination.

Everywhere there were pines. Pines near them on the hillsides, pines on the most remote ridges and peaks, pines in the bottom of the canyons. The road wound around through the timber, here following a ridge, there, the side of a canyon;

and again along the bank of a mountain stream. In the canyons the luxurious growth of vegetation showed greater variety. There were trees of ash, oak, sycamore, beautiful cedars, and an occasional quaking asp or maple, the leaves of the latter showing the first tints of autumn.

Grass and flowers grew in profusion everywhere. As they proceeded, the variety of flowers became greater. Rounding a point in the canyon the dogs startled a flock of wild turkeys, which were scratching on the creek bottom. They scrambled up the rocky mountain-side and disappeared over the crest of a ridge. Frank wanted to stop the team and follow them, but George explained that because of the character of the country it



"The stream was fringed with willows."

would be useless. "The wild turkey," he said, "is a wary bird, and once disturbed in a place like this, is not easily approached. When they reach the top of the ridge there, they will fly across that canyon which you see, and would thus leave us far behind, with a very rough country intervening."

"What are those?" asked Frank, as a great flock of birds flew from a grove of oaks near the road.

"They are wild pigeons," replied his companion, "the American Band-Tailed pigeon; there are great numbers of them in the Sierra, and they afford rare sport to the hunter. They

are fully as large as the tame pigeon, and excellent in flavor."

A flock of birds passed over the heads of the travelers, high in the air, and keeping up a constant chatter as they flew.

"Those are parrots," said George. "They are lighting in the tops of the pines there. Observe closely, as we pass, and you will see that they are very beautiful birds. It is difficult to see them while they are in the trees, the green of their bodies is so much like the green of the pines. They eat the seeds from the pine cones, and are rarely seen on the ground."

As they drew near, Frank's admiration was unbounded. The green bodies of the birds were plainly visible, and the splashes of red and yellow were reflected by the morning sun, like burnished gold. As the buckboard rattled under the trees where they were feeding, away they went, with a great chattering and flapping of wings.

"I have seen parrots before," said Frank, "but always in captivity. How glorious to see them here, without restraint, at home with the environment for which they were created."

"You will discover, before we return," replied his friend, "that to appreciate the works of the Creator they must be seen in their natural state, unchanged by the hand of man."

The dogs were in their element. Trailer frequently left the road, as his sensitive nose detected the trail of a deer which had crossed during the night, but a word from George restrained him; a little later, however, when a doe and two fawns dashed across the road and up the mountain side, he broke from all restraint and followed them, the cliffs echoing to his musical cry.

"What will become of him?" exclaimed Frank.

"He will not follow far," replied his companion. "The instinct of his race prompts him to take the trail, and never leave it so long as he has strength to follow, but I have trained him to understand that he must not follow far unless I am with him."

A little farther down the canyon, Fleete became greatly excited. "Watch her," said George, as he handed the lines to his companion, and taking his gun from the case put it together. "The cartridges are in the case, on the seat there by you; hand me two, No. 8."

The dog was coursing rapidly about a hundred yards from the road. Suddenly she turned to windward, bounded forward a short distance, stopped, then advanced cautiously toward a bunch of willows, where she stood immovable as a statue, her neck extended, tail rigid, her whole body quivering.

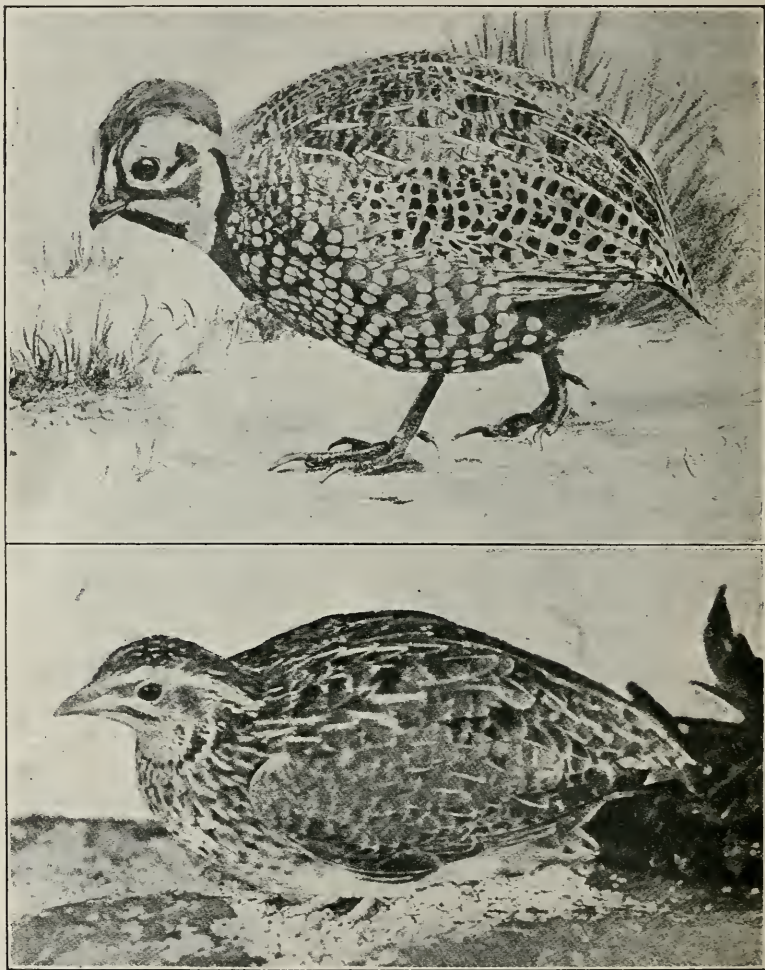
"What will become of him?" exclaimed Frank.

"There is a flock of quails in that bunch of willows. The dog does not see them, but her keen nose tells her they are there, and instinct and training tell her that it is not safe to approach nearer until her master comes with his gun. Dogs

have been known to stand, pointing a bird for hours, without moving. Here, take the gun, and as they rise bring down a pair; we need them for dinner."

"No," replied Frank, "I have never fired a gun except in a shooting gallery. I fear we shall go hungry if you depend on me to keep the larder supplied."

George got off the buckboard, walked to where the dog stood, and in a low voice told her to go on. She approached the willows cautiously, there was a confusing whi-r-r-r of wings; bang! bang! went the gun, a mist of feathers floated off in the



Massena Partridge, or "Fool Hen;" top, male; bottom, female.

air, and two brown objects, from a confusion of others which moved rapidly away, came down into the grass with a thud.

The dog did not move until told to do so, then she ran forward, picked the birds up, and brought them, one by one, to her master.

"We call them fool hens," said George. "They belong to the quail family, are larger than the ordinary quail, and the quality of their flesh is unsurpassed."

The road led from the canyon and wound up toward the top of a steep mountain ridge. Near the top two birds flew from a juniper tree near the road, and lit on the top of a nearby oak.

"Those are very rare birds," said George. "They are always found in pairs, and are rarely seen in the mountains. Their color is green, as you see, and their long tails, and the crest upon their heads are very much like the bird of paradise."

It was noon when the top of the ridge was reached, and turning out the horses to graze, George prepared the noonday meal. The quails were dressed and fried, potatoes sliced and stewed, bottled fruit, with condensed cream, bread and butter. It was a bill of fare to please an epicure.

The meal was finished, the load re-packed, the horses fed a little grain, and hitched up, and the journey resumed.

Just as they were starting, Trailer came in, tired and footsore, glad to eat the dinner which Frank had reserved for him, and jump into the buckboard and ride when asked to do so.

The topography of the country gradually changed. There were fewer canyons, the ridges were not so high, occasionally small valleys were passed, treeless, but covered with grass and skirted with pines.

There were flowers everywhere; acres of blue, purple, pink, crimson, yellow and variegated, all in one indiscriminate mass, but with a remarkably harmonious blending of colors, nature's flower garden, untouched by the hand of man.

"I have been trying to classify these flowers," said Frank. "What is that beautiful one there by that dead log? We have passed several of them since noon; it looks like a tulip, but the stalk is different."

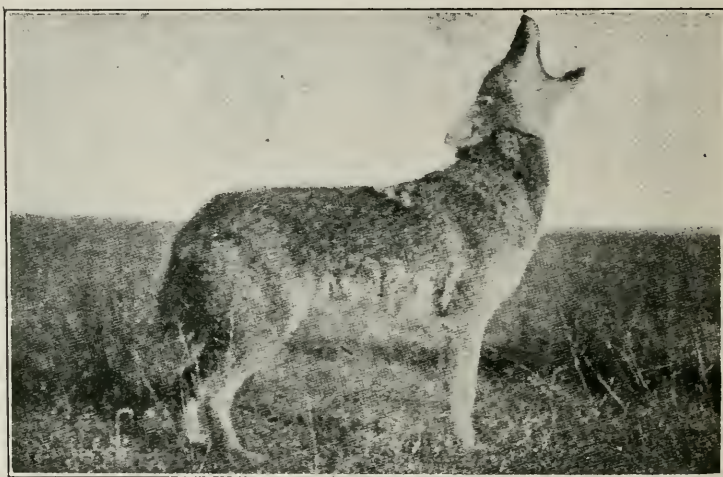
"It is a native of the Sierra," George replied. "We call it a tiger lily, and regard it as one of the most beautiful flowers of the mountains."

"This afternoon," said Frank, "we have passed rare specimens of begonias, columbines, dahlias, four-o'clocks, honeysuckles, a flower which greatly resembles our calla, verbena, larkspurs, some beautiful Canterbury bells, and look at that bleeding heart, and those poppies!"

"If you were here in the morning," said George, you would

find the country covered with morning glories; there are many other varieties of flowers which have already gone to seed."

The road suddenly brought them out into a mountain valley in which nestled a group of houses. A stream of water flowed through the valley to the north. Following this for about two miles it dropped into a deep canyon. There was no road and the descent was steep and rough, but by careful driving they reached the bottom in safety, at a point where the canyon widened out and two streams came together. In the forks of these creeks, on a high spot of ground, covered with grass, and shaded by scattering pine trees, camp was established. The stream was fringed with willows, and there were meadows on either side upon which cattle were grazing, while the mountain sides were covered with grass and flowers. The horses were unhitched, bells and hobbles put on them, and they were turned out to graze. The tent was pitched, some wood gathered, a fire



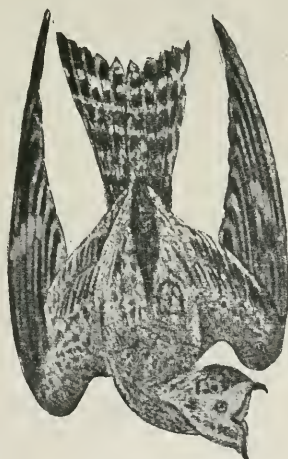
"Away off on the mountain side a coyote howled dismally"

started, and by the time darkness set in, they were ready for the night.

It was a beautiful night. The full moon arose over the ridges to the east, and looked down through the pines like a great search-light, illuminating the canyon until it was almost as light as day. The night air, laden with the fragrance of spruce, cedar and wild flowers, was like the boudoir of a princess. Trout splashed in the stream, frogs croaked and crickets chirped incessantly. Night hawks drummed as they passed swiftly through the air in pursuit, of the insects on which they feed. From a branch of a giant dead pine, which stood just

across the creek, a horned owl hooted, and away off on the mountain side a coyote howled dismally. Myriads of insects fluttered round the camp fire, many of them to be caught in the flames and destroyed. From the top of a juniper tree, near the camp, a mocking-bird sang as only a mocking-bird sings on a moonlight night. Changing rapidly he imitated all of the notes peculiar to his feathered companions, and many known only to himself, his song was like a medley of old melodies. A whippoorwill called from the bushes, near camp, and was answered by another, farther away, while from down the canyon they heard the bark of a gray wolf.

"Tonight," said Frank, "in the great cities, the electric lights are converting night into day, as the moon is doing in the canyon here. There is music, beauty, happiness and innocence there, as there is here. The human moths are there, fluttering round the light, as they are here, many of them to be caught in the flames and destroyed. The human beasts of prey are there, too, and steal out from their hiding place in the darkness, seeking whom they may devour. How alike we are, after all, how like man nature is, and man like nature, with this exception, that there, in the great city, it is all the result of studied design; while here, in the wilds, it is the spontaneous response of every living thing to the call of nature."



Night Hawk

Beauty Spots in Southern Utah

By Geo. Stewart, M. S., in charge of Field Crop Investigations, Utah Experiment Station

Beauty is not always concentrated. Sometimes it is spread out in mere glimpses. These glimpses may be lost to the traveler unless his awareness is keyed up to the expectation point. Such alertness for "New Country" often makes the difference between a pleasant trip, and a toilsome journey that is endured only because of the goal.

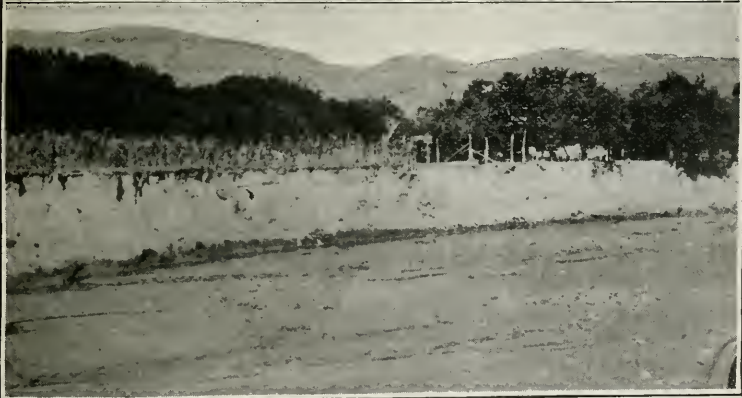
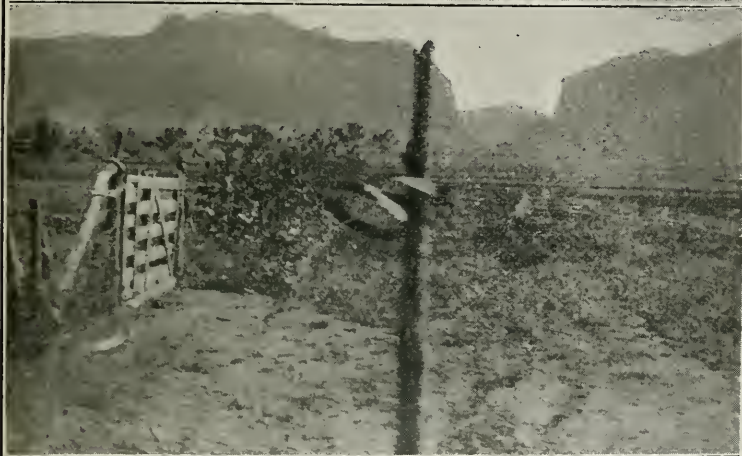
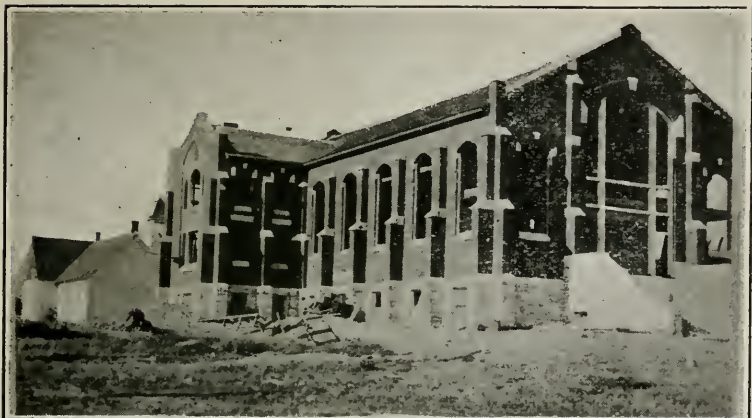
Zion Canyon is awe-inspiring, partly on account of the grouping around a central point. So compact is the grouping and so concentrated the contributing points of interest that a person is baffled in an effort "to take it all in." When all is over a sense of futility possesses him, and he wishes to spend a month exploring the nooks and corners. Such feelings are fruitful of lasting impressions. After all a man enjoys being made to feel insignificant, provided the cause is not another man. Surrounded by nature this feeling of unimportance lifts him almost to reverence; in a crowd it may become humiliation.

Bryce Canyon accomplishes the result in another way, but the imprint is the same. Sometimes, however, a single glimpse that sets the heart a-throbbing may be so well encompassed as to leave the intellect satisfied. The sense of beauty is not intellect alone, nor is it emotion alone. These two great orders of sensation can blend in such a variety of ways as to surprise. It is just this variety that enhances scattered spots of beauty.

III. San Juan

San Juan is so far away and so hard to reach that many who visit it lose all sense of its beauty in their great desire to leave it behind them. Probably this is because its beauty is potential, merely latent, so to speak. In this peculiarly unexplainable quality it excels. The traveler does not gasp at a sudden, extravagant outpouring of grandeur; he is scarcely aware of its approach but shortly he has a feeling of its presence, and when he looks, there it is all around.

It is just this sensation of being surrounded, as by darkness, that comes to a person when first he crosses the wide plateau east of Monticello. Rolling and undulating hollows



Top: Beautiful new church at Blanding (Grayson). Center: Notch where the Grand river leaves Moab valley... Taken from a moving automobile. Bottom: Wash, caused by a flood in the summer of 1919, close to the town of Moab.

would soon pass into monotony were it not for dark clusters of cedar (juniper). To whirl through these patches of dark green and come suddenly on a broad stretch of oats, just beginning to whiten in the evening sunshine, stirs the imagination. Through half-closed eyes, miles and miles of oats and wheat can be made to replace the sage and cedar, to fill the hollows and spread out over the broad swells.

Dry-farm oats are rirregular in Utah, an anomaly, the politician would say. In fact, they are so unusual that an agriculturist realizes he is not standing before merely potential beauty, but beside realized aspiration. Just last summer San Juan produced a yield of dryland oats that competes with the best in America. It may even win one of the great national prizes if it has not already done so by the time this article appears in print.

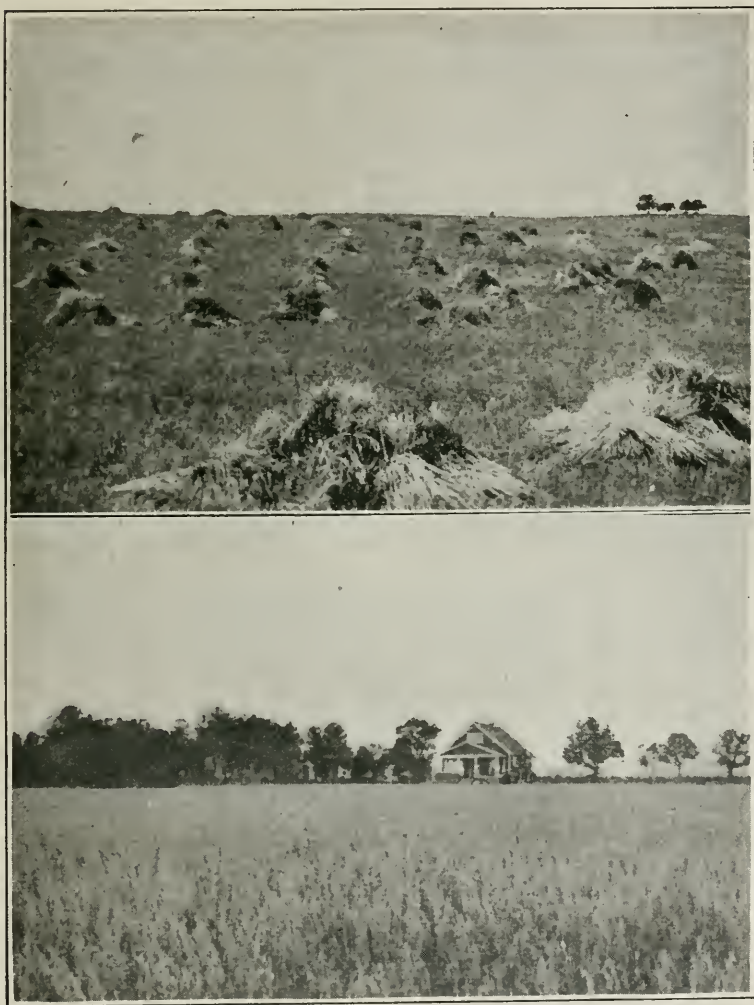
All, however, are not enthusiastic over the soothing pleasantness of ripening grain. That moderated, yet exquisite sense of beneficent beauty is sent only to the lover of the soil. It is fitting for a man who loves his work to find poetry in unsuspected places. In that is much of his compensation. To such, a bounteous harvest in the midst of sage and cedar brings the great joy of peace and charity. There are times when the great Creator visits his Spirit on fields of grain.

Other spots of beauty there are. Half way from La Sal to Monticello stands "Big Injun." A single pillar of red sandstone rises well over the horizon. From a half mile on either side a naturally carved monument is visible. The warrior stands erect with his blanket drawn across his shoulder and held in the hand with arm extended. Head-dress, blanket, chest, shoulders, and body are all distinct. Aboriginal America will never be dead out in that stretch of wilderness. Great dignity and poise never more became a chieftain of flesh and blood than they do this wind-carved statue, seventy miles from the nearest railroad. At close quarters, of course, the monument becomes a great mass of weathered rock as tall as a six-story building.

Still another, more intimate, reminder of original ownership is an ancient cave-dwelling three or four miles beyond Blanding (formerly Grayson). A road leads across a field and winds through the cedars beyond. It ends abruptly on the brink of a box canyon two or three hundred feet deep and twice as wide. Tucked away under an over-hanging cliff is the ruin of a miniature village. The upper ledge is the roof but the walls are of loose stone and the door mantles of cedar tree-trunks. A hole and a crevice leading upward have been blackened by hundreds of fires. Some seven or eight rooms, the size of a large bathroom, can be found. Here and there in protected crannies are pieces of corn cobs and fragments of some unrecognizable vessels? Where are the architects? Who shall say whence they

came? Their descendants had passed from mortal vision long before the first white European saw the country. Many such witnesses bear their silent testimony in the vicinity of the great Colorado.

It would not be fair to leave Moab unmentioned. From Thompson on the Denver and Rio Grande, a long and fairly rapid descent of thirty-five miles brings the wayfarer to a pleasant valley two thousand feet below the surrounding country.



Top: Dry-land wheat in San Juan near Monticello. Bottom: Dry-land oat field near Lockerley, east of Monticello.

Great ledges of gray and red sandstone loom on either horizon. The canyon of the Grand river widens into meadow and cultivated orchard. The red sand is fertile in a high degree. Peaches, apples, and pears bear the branches nearly to the ground; cantaloups as large as a man's head ripen in endless numbers; corn so tall that Iowans look jealously, reaches almost to the treetops. It is truly wonderful, what there is of it. However, it would make just three good-sized farms, two on one side of the Grand and one on the other. Another flood or two will leave even these considerably smaller.

Then, as a fitting touch of beauty, the river steals out through a deep notch on the further side of the valley just as it seems to well out between two great cliffs on the east. Strange memories are called up of how James White claims to have gone through the Grand canyon in 1869. A person wonders whether he camped in this beautiful little valley, and whether his raft had yet begun to pull apart. Far away to the west, great pinacles loom up on the very edge of the horizon. Somewhere in that wilderness of box canyons and unscalable buttes, the Green and the Grand unite to form the Colorado. Then from out the shaded past comes the long-lost story of J. W. Powell, and how, in 1869, and again in 1871-72, he twice traversed the entire length of the Grand canyon. It was this party who mapped the canyon, its pools and rapids, its tributaries and mighty gorges. No romance of Mediaeval days is more stirring than this adventure.

The glory of the past and the meagerness of the present for a moment clasp hands, and then, phantom-like, disappear.



*"Big Injun Rock." The left arm
seems extended supporting
the blanket.*

William Dean Howells

One of Seven American Men of Letters, Whom Two Generations
Have Delighted to Honor: Howells, Clemens, Stedman,
Aldrich, Higginson, Hale and Alden

By Junius F. Wells, Associate Editor Millennial Star

In the death of Mr. Howells, age 83, which occurred in New York on Tuesday, May 11, 1920, the dean of American contemporary literature has passed from life. He was the last of that great galaxy of brilliant men of letters of the Nineteenth Century, whose names and writings will forever distinguish them as foremost among American authors, in the same way that the notables of the Victorian era are upheld among the British.

Mr. Howells was born in Belmont county, Ohio, in 1837, and learned the printer's trade in his father's office. He began writing as a news reporter and journalist, and with an occasional poem. He was United States Consul at Venice for four years, 1861-65, and wrote there *Venetian Life*, later revised and republished as one of his earliest, most successful and delightful books. In 1866 he moved to New England, and soon attracted the favor of Mr. J. R. Lowell, editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*, and was engaged as assistant editor by Mr. Fields, his life-long friend. He succeeded Lowell, and was editor of that magazine for about ten years. While on the *Atlantic* he became one of that wonderful literary fraternity, meeting and mingling with Longfellow, Lowell, Hawthorne, Emerson, Holmes, Motley, and Mrs. Alcott. In New York his intimates were Mark Twain, Bryant, Aldrich, Stedman, Alden, Curtis, and, of course, the great newspaper men, Dana, Bennett, and Greeley.

In 1881 he engaged with Harper's, and became editor of "The Study," the literary department of *Harper's Monthly*, and afterwards of "The Easy Chair," in which he continued until his death. For a time he edited *The Cosmopolitan Magazine*. Many of his novels first appeared as serials in these foremost American magazines; afterwards being issued in book form from their publishers. He must have written nearly a hundred novels, books of travel, plays, mostly farces, criticisms, and poems.

Mr. Howells' wit was as keen as Mark Twain's, though less droll, perhaps, and without irreverence or vulgarity. His style and language were the refinement of elegant diction. His plots were dramatic, but not sensational. His portraiture of character was intelligently critical, and wonderfully illuminating in

its analysis of thought and feeling. His description of travel was unsurpassed.

In 1889 I met Mr. Howells. I was having a book made for the M. I. A. reading course by Harper Brothers, and was in the office with Mr. Abner Harper, the manager, who very politely offered to do anything that would make my stay in New York pleasant. I expressed a preference to meet some of the editors, especially Mr. Howells, supposing they were in the Harper building, at Franklin Square. He said, "Why, we never see them! I don't suppose Howells has been here for two months. He travels about, lives in hotels, etc. But I will inquire if he is in the city, or is apt to be, and will let you know." After leaving Mr. Harper I went into the office of Mr. Nast, the corresponding secretary of the firm, and within half an hour Mr. Harper came hurrying in and said, "I'm glad you're still here. The strangest thing happened. You had not left me five minutes when Mr. Howells came into my room. He is there now. I told him all about you and your desire to meet him. He said he was most curious to meet you, so come along."

We returned to Mr. Harper's room, and there stood the renowned author—a rather short, stout, most agreeable-looking gentleman. His dome of intellectual forehead, and genial, great, gray eyes, windows of critical intelligence, reminded me of Dr. John R. Park, opened upon me as he allowed me to approach him rather than he coming forward to meet me. He extended a friendly hand that held mine for a moment, as he expressed his pleasure at meeting me. Mr. Harper having used the word "curious," led me at once, after saying how glad I was to see him, to add: "I wonder if it might not be with you, sir, as it was with a gentleman I met in my youth in Venice. He was a tall, handsome, white-haired, elderly man, a New Englander, who in all his travels had never happened to see a live 'Mormon,' and had shown considerable interest when told there was one at the hotel. I was brought forward and presented to him by Lieut. Thomas, of the United States Navy. It was in the open court of the Victoria hotel. This gentleman scanned me quite critically over and over again—up and down, and then asked me if I would again raise my hat, as I had already done once, when introduced to him. It occurred to me that he had heard the story that the 'Mormons' have horns, and so I said to him: 'Oh, you want to see my horns!' His face flushed conviction; but he smiled as I took off my hat and told him that I was a young one and they hadn't sprouted yet."

Mr. Howells appeared immensely pleased with this narrative, and he and Mr. Harper laughed over and over again at it. And then I had half-an-hour's delightful conversation with him. He asked me to call upon him, and to dine, and said he would mail me an appointment, which he did a day or two later.

When I called at his hotel, The Albert, in lower Fifth Avenue, he was waiting for me, and said he had invited a young man to join us, Mr. Henry Harland, whom he said was one of the most promising of the younger American authors. Presently Mr. Harland came, and the three of us set out for Moretti's, in Fourteenth Street, a famous and favorite Italian restaurant, in which we were taken to a private room and were served with a very delicious Italian dinner. We sat down at seven and arose from the table after eleven. They plied me with questions in the most gentle and refined way, and drew out from me an account of the first vision of Joseph Smith the Prophet, to which they listened with amazed if incredulous interest; of the coming forth of the Book of Mormon; the organization, rise and progress of the Church, and then—which was the theme they most desired to have expounded—an account of the social life of the "Mormons."

At the time of this interview, the prosecutions of the "Mormons," under the anti-polygamy laws were most vigorous. The several enactments of Congress depriving them of their civil rights, confiscating their church property, and providing severe penalties of fines and imprisonments for violation of the social statutes, were before the people and constituted the leading theme of press and pulpit all over the land. Mr. Howells was a social philosopher, without religious creed or prejudice, and he viewed the action of the government, in passing and enforcing laws against what he called "the Mormon social experiment," with horror. He said, in effect: "Why, it's the last thing in the world that Congress should interfere with. It's the most interesting experiment the world has ever seen. The government should rather aid than hinder its development. 'Mormonism' is practical Christianity, with this patriarchal institution of marriage added on, it presents, and apparently will demonstrate that it possesses a solution of the two social evils of our civilization which we are unable to successfully cope with. For to our discredit, in spite of all our learning, our wealth, our religion, which is a profession of Christianity, but not the religion of Christ—the 'Mormons' come nearer to having that than any others, for it is an everyday matter with them—I say it with shame—in spite of all that we call civilization, we have the burden upon our shoulders and conscience of the prostitution of our womenkind, and the destitution of our poor. The 'Mormon' system presents a solution of these problems. I do not say it is *the* solution for our people or for the world, but it is *a* solution. The 'Mormons' should be let alone to work out their theories, and the government ought rather to help than hurt their people while they are doing it."

I corresponded occasionally with Mr. Howells for several years; sent him the "Mormon" literature, and had the pleasure of meeting him a number of times in New York and Boston. He always treated me with respectful courtesy and kindness. He recommended me to read Tolstoy, whose "American apostle" he was sometimes called. I have wondered if it might not be that the great Russian author came by his knowledge of the "Mormons" through the matter sent first to Mr. Howells, and which, in the discussion of social themes between them, could very well have served its purpose. Tolstoy knew enough of "Mormonism" to say to the American minister, Andrew D. White, that so far as he had investigated the system, one third was Scriptural, one third was superstition, and the other third he could not decide: "Perhaps it is the truth!" Did he get that view through Mr. Howells? I have often wondered.

Liverpool, England

A Glimpse of the Spirit World

O, where is the spirit land?
 Is it far, in the starry sheen?
 No, no, not so! it is close at hand
 With only the veil between,—
 The gossamer veil like a vapor pale,
 That hangs o'er a shadowy river,
 Where spirits are coming and going away,
 Coming and going forever.

I see on the other side,
 'Neath their beautiful, cloudless skies,
 The hills and vales where, across the tide,
 Are the mansions of Paradise.
 And, gathering there, are the angels fair,
 By the shores of the shadowy river,
 Where spirits are going and coming away,
 Coming and going forever.

This beautiful land so fair,
 And the holy city of light,
 Are ever and ever welcoming there
 Our loved ones who pass from sight.
 My loved ones I see are awaiting for me,
 Just over the shadowy river,
 Where spirits are coming and going away,
 Coming and going forever.

Joseph Longking Townsend.

Our Duty to Tested Truths of the Past*

Government by Class Consciousness Must be Resisted, and One
Hundred Per Cent Americanism is Expected of All

By Hon. Brigham H. Roberts

Graduates of the University of Utah: I open my address to you with the following admonition:

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."—
1 Cor. 16:13.

It is a disturbed world into which we bid you welcome today, my young friends, but it is a glorious world, nevertheless. We make no apology for its disturbed conditions, for the universal unrest which obtains. We, who have been some time in the midst of the world's activities, are not at all dismayed by the din of the confusion which exists on every hand. We have grown accustomed to more or less confusion in things, and our experience justifies us in the belief that there will come an adjustment of these our present troubles, just as there has come a settlement of past problems. We who have lived long and have watched somewhat closely the progress of events have been brought to realize that somewhere down deep in things there is a Power at work which may not be referred to man as its source, that is guiding the world to that "far off event" which, from the beginning, marked off the purpose for which the world was created. We have no doubt either but what that Power is benign, that he means well in his guidance of world movements and achievements.

I may say "He", in reference to this Power, because, from observation and experience, those for whom I am now speaking believe him personal, and in some way wonderfully interested in men. This led one in olden times to say:

"When I consider thy heavens, the work of thy fingers, the moon and the stars, which thou hast ordained;

"What is man, that thou art mindful of him? and the son of man, that thou visitest him?" For thou hast made him a little lower than the angels, and hast crowned him with glory and honor. Thou madest him to have dominion over the works of thy hands; thou hast put all things under his feet." (Ps. 8:3-6.)

The same thing holds in the relation of man to the creation. Surely, to man in a large way, and yet not absolutely,

*An address to the University of Utah graduates, delivered on Tuesday, June 8, 1920.

has dominion over the created world been given, and this argues some special relationship between the creative Power and man. This Power, at work in the midst of things, I repeat, is benign; for as the years are multiplied into ages, and age succeeds age, matters improve; they grow better; and there can be no surer evidence of benignity in a Power directing things than in the progress of things from good to better, and ever better.

Referring again to the disturbed conditions that obtain in the world: As you know, we have just passed through the world's greatest war. From August, 1914, to November 11, 1918, practically all the nations of the earth, including all the great powers, were locked in the awfullest war the human race has ever witnessed. Four full years we had of terrible conflict, with the most scientific equipment that man has ever used in the fell work of destruction; with the largest and best trained armies that ever debouched upon fields of battle. From first to last 59,000,000 of men were mobilized into the world's war service. This host was taken from the world's productive activities, and converted into the world's destructive agencies. Of this number, more than eight millions met death in the service of their respective countries; more than eighteen million were wounded, bequeathed as a pitiful legacy upon the charity of the world. Seven millions were numbered among the prisoners and missing, making the total casualties of the war, as casualties are usually computed, more than thirty-three millions, out of the fifty-nine millions of men mustered into the service.

The property loss, on land, is given at \$29,960,000,000 (one third of which falls upon France). The property loss, on sea, was \$6,800,000,000, as given by the authority here followed: while from all sources, using round numbers, the direct cost is given at \$186,000,000,000; the indirect cost at \$151,000,000,000, making the stupendous total, which no man comprehends, of \$337,000,000,000!

"The figures presented in this summary," comments professor Bogert, "are both incomprehensible and appalling: yet even then do not take into account the effect of the war on life, human vitality, economic wellbeing, ethics, morality, or other phases of human relationships and activities which have been disorganized or injured" (*Current History*, Dec. 1919, p. 438).

So that, awful as mere figures may represent the results of the war to have been, they are still worse than that, for the more evil part of war cannot be reflected in statistics.

The United States may be represented in this war as having mobilized 4,272,521 men. Of these—I quote official report up

to February, 1919—67,813 were lost by death; 192,483 were wounded; the missing and prisoners numbered 14,363; making a casualty list of 274,659; a light toll in comparison with other nations of the allied powers, notably France. The cost of the war to the United States, is represented by about thirty-two billions of dollars, near ten billions of which were loaned to our allies in the war. The United States, anticipating a longer struggle than followed her entrance into the war, was preparing for much larger sacrifices than are represented in these figures, both in men and in treasure. She had listed for her service, in addition to those mobilized at the front and in training camps, nine other millions of men; she had men organized from the German western battle fronts to the west coast of France, and on the shores of England; thence all the way across the Atlantic to our eastern seaboard; thence through three thousand miles of territory to our Pacific coast. Our lines, from the battle fronts to the rear, were six thousand miles deep, and every mile effective and unbreakable. No wonder Germany's will to victory was broken. She could see the United States rising in her might to overwhelm her, and cried out for peace, and peace was granted upon American assurances of justice to the vanquished.

It is a commonplace to say that this war was gigantic, unparalleled in history, so immense in its results as to be incomprehensible. We exhaust our adjectives and yet we know that we have not described, and cannot describe it. It is only referred to here, however, in order to give some account of the cause of the world's disturbed condition upon your entrance into its active affairs; and to remove from your minds all cause for astonishment at the world's unrest—its broken harmonies, and its immense present-day problems. Is it to be marveled at that we find conditions so unsettled in the world, when we take into account what the world has passed through during the just-ended four years of world war, and two years of its aftermath, with its peace terms and program not yet completely settled, nor can be until the United States enters the forming league of nations for the enforcement of peace?

These unsettled conditions in the world's affairs, however, and more especially in our own country, in which you will be more immediately concerned, should not be discouraging to you, I am holding. These very conditions may form the golden rounds in the ladder of your opportunity, by which you shall climb to the heights of your anticipated successes. Most earnestly, as your friend, I pray it may be so.

Level plains and smooth seas are not always the most interesting to wayfarers, to travelers. The broken plains, the mountain heights, and even wind-fretted oceans, where the la-

boring bark climbs hills of seas and then ducks again as low, give thrills and exalted moments never found on level plains and in smooth seas. So in life, broken harmonies, a disturbed state of industrial conditions, social unrest, political upheavals, religious revolutions, all these, usually but the birth pains of a new age to be, these are but challenges to your strength, to your wisdom, to your patience and endurance. The manner and spirit in which you will attack your life's problems under these conditions of unrest will proclaim to us, who will be spectators of, and associates in your efforts, your fellow workmen, what kind of men you will be, what kind of comrades to us who are now bidding you welcome into our world. Being older than you, and therefore, more experienced, and somewhat more acquainted at least with our world, though not as well equipped as you are for ultimate successful achievements, this occasion affords me opportunity for preaching to you a bit, for giving you our ideas of the terms on which your success will depend, and this, I hope, without giving, with our preachment, any offense.

Let me suggest that in the first flush of your enthusiasm and your assault upon the problems you will meet, do not attempt to break absolutely with the past. Let your mental attitude be evolutionary rather than revolutionary. The race, up until now, has not lived in vain. It has hived some wisdom out of its age-long experiences. It has a large body of valuable tradition which may be regarded, in the main, as tested truths. Respect for this, by the generation which preceded mine, was called "respect for the wisdom of our ancestors." I think the phrase a good one, and helpful if remembered. I commend it to your consideration.

And yet I recommend no slavish adherence to the past. I know that breaking with the past is sometimes needful to progress; that the law of the universe, in the main, is one of change. "All things," as an ancient philosopher said, "are in a state of flux." But, while things, in the main, are dynamic, and hence changing, it must not be forgotten that there are also static elements in the realm of things, things that are permanent, that make for stability. Men change, circumstances modify times, alter their fashions, but *principles do not change*.

Allow me to put these ideas in more concrete form, and in relation to things with which you will have something to do very early in your life, in our world of action, as distinct from your world of theory. And first, as to the suggestion about breaking with the past, with something of caution.

The founders of our government affirmed the right of revolution, the right to change or abolish a government which no longer assured the maintenance of the true ends of government,

but in affirming the right, they were careful to say, "Prudence, indeed, will dictate that governments long established should not be changed for light and transient causes; and accordingly all experience hath shown that mankind are more disposed to suffer, while evils are sufferable, than to right themselves by abolishing the forms to which they are accustomed. It is only when a long train of abuses and usurpations, pursuing invariably the same object, evincing a design to subject the people to despotism, or in other ways seriously menace their safety or their freedom, that revolution, the abrupt changing or abolishment of government, becomes justifiable." All of which means that sometimes, and often, it is better "to suffer the ills we bear, than to fly to those we know not of," and best wisdom, I tell you, lies in caution.

As to permanent principles in government, let me remind you that these truths still endure and are still self-evident: That all men are created equal, that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are the right to live, the right to be free, the right to pursue happiness. That to secure these rights, governments are instituted among men and derive their just powers from the consent of the governed.

Take note here of this great American doctrine that these rights are God-given endowments, that they are inalienable, they may neither be taken from people by others, nor abandoned by themselves, they are inalienable—indestructible.

Note that in the foregoing *all men are affirmed to be equal*, meaning that they are equal before the law. So long as that principle remains true, and the truth of it is eternal, as well as self-evident; so long as that principle remains true, it forbids the creation of class distinction under our government, and rebukes the creation of class consciousness so earnestly advocated in these days of Bolshevik propaganda. All men are equal before the law; all men are endowed by their Creator with the inalienable right to live, with the right to be free, with the right to pursue happiness. None may be deprived of these rights by any innovating system recognizing them as belonging to one class, and as not belonging to another. *They belong to all*, and to all equally. They must be preserved to all without distinction, and this government that is to secure these rights to men, this government that derives its just powers by the consent of the governed, this is to be a government by the people, of the people, and in the interests of the people; and class distinction in government, or government by classes, or trade unions merely, or cults, religious or secular, festered by class consciousness, much-vaunted in certain quarters just now, means that free government would perish from among men, and must be resisted.

Government must protect all the people; protect them as much from mob and class domination, as from the insolence and injustice of predatory wealth combinations and political boss domination. In all these matters, the times demand and your country expects one hundred per cent of Americanism from you.

And now, to return somewhat to the point of starting, and referring to things enduring. Let me remind you that among these still stands God's ancient sacrifice, "an humble and a contrite heart." Stands, also, the truth that God prefers before all temples and all forms, "the upright heart and pure." Stands also the "*Ten great words*," the covenant of Israel, called by us the "Ten commandments," all in force, too, save only as modified by the precepts and exposition of a Teacher greater than Moses. Stands, also, Christ's summing up of the law and the prophets into the "Great Commandment:" "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind; and thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." Stands, also, the sermon on the mount, without a line to be effaced. Stands, also, the British Magna Charta. Stands, also, the American Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States. These be the monuments of religion and civilization, imperishable documents, they; the maintenance of which, and the interweaving of their truths into the lives of the people, are essential to all progress, to the peace, liberty and happiness, *of all the people*, and to the perpetuation of civilization itself.

It is in respect to all these that I now repeat the admonition with which I opened this preachment:

"Watch ye, stand fast in the faith, quit you like men, be strong."

Loving Animals

"If teachers have the right spirit in humane work, it will not take a great deal of time or energy to do a really great work among the children. * * * It is the duty of every teacher, and everyone who has a part in a child's life is a teacher, to see that our boys and girls know something of their natural environment, and above all, that they have the right attitude to their little outdoor brothers. It is the child who does not *know* a horse, a dog, a cat, a bird, a toad, a turtle, a caterpillar, who will abuse any one of them. Educate him along these lines and give him an opportunity to lay the foundation for thoughtfulness, unselfishness, in a word, humanitarianism."—*Humane Education Press Bureau*.

Utah Recovers the Grand Canyon of Arizona

*By J. Cecil Alter, Meteorologist, U. S. Department of Agriculture,
Weather Bureau*

If any group of early day explorers or pioneers of the Grand Canyon region ever looked upon this scenic wonder of the world with that interest, affection, and admiration that comes of possession, proprietorship, or jurisdiction, and maintained and ever improved that acquaintance and contact which comes of such right of discovery and initial authority, the "Mormon" pioneers of southern Utah should be awarded a large share of such credit.

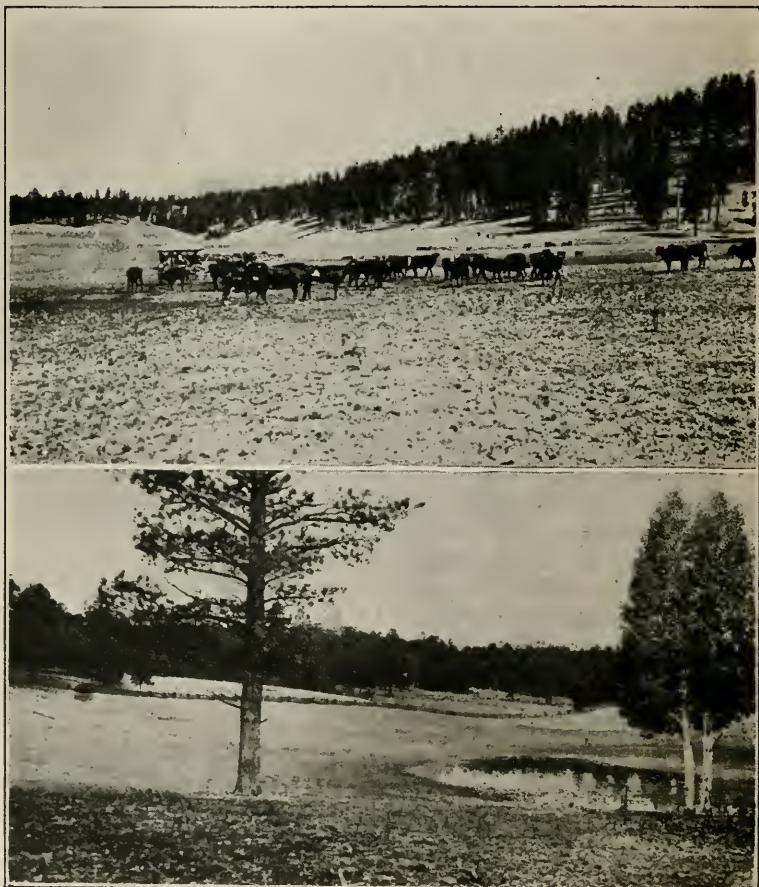
Going forth in the early fifties to establish peaceful relationships with the scattered Indian tribes of Utah, Nevada, Colorado, and Arizona, and to establish themselves in permanent homes, the pioneers found the mighty Colorado to be not only that great natural or physical boundary which must permanently form the dividing line between the Central West and the vast Southwest, but they found it an insurmountable barrier between certain of the Indian tribes, as many of those to the southeast were restrained from crossing it by a tradition that disaster would come to them if they did so.

However, the "Mormon" settlers looked upon the canyon as but a part of that large family of famous gorges through which the Colorado river flows in both Utah and Arizona, forming no great barrier to their progress in settling the waste places of these states, and they crossed it and recrossed it at many points, setting at naught the traditions so powerful among the Indians.

Thus it was, when Major J. W. Powell sought to explore the canyons of the Colorado, beginning in 1869, in his famous boat ride from Green River, Wyoming, to far southwestern Arizona, and including his personal exploration of the north rim country in 1870, and his second river journey in 1871, the "Mormon" settlers were drawn upon extensively not only for supplies and information at many points along the route, but at times guides and assistants were secured from among the "Mormons," including the services of that invincible leader, Jacob Hamblin, who were especially desired in establishing and maintaining peaceful relationships with the Indians. Then, in 1882, when Mr. C. D. Walcott descended into the depths of the upper por-

tion of the Grand Canyon proper, in the vicinity of the mouth of the Little Colorado, for geological study, some "Mormon" boys were his only companions through a whole winter, lost to the outside world. Thus it was that trails were threaded in many routes from the settlements of southern Utah to the Grand Canyon, at many points, by amateur explorers, hunters, and outing parties, a contact which has in reality never ceased, nor diminished.

But the outside world required a larger and safer trail, an easier trail to the canyon, regardless of the expense, and the railroads provided the old Flagstaff route to Grand View on the south rim, and later from Williams, Arizona, to the "Grand Can-



Top:—Pure Bred Cattle, in the Kaibab. Bottom:—A view of the park-like Kaibab, enroute to the north rim of the Grand Canyon.

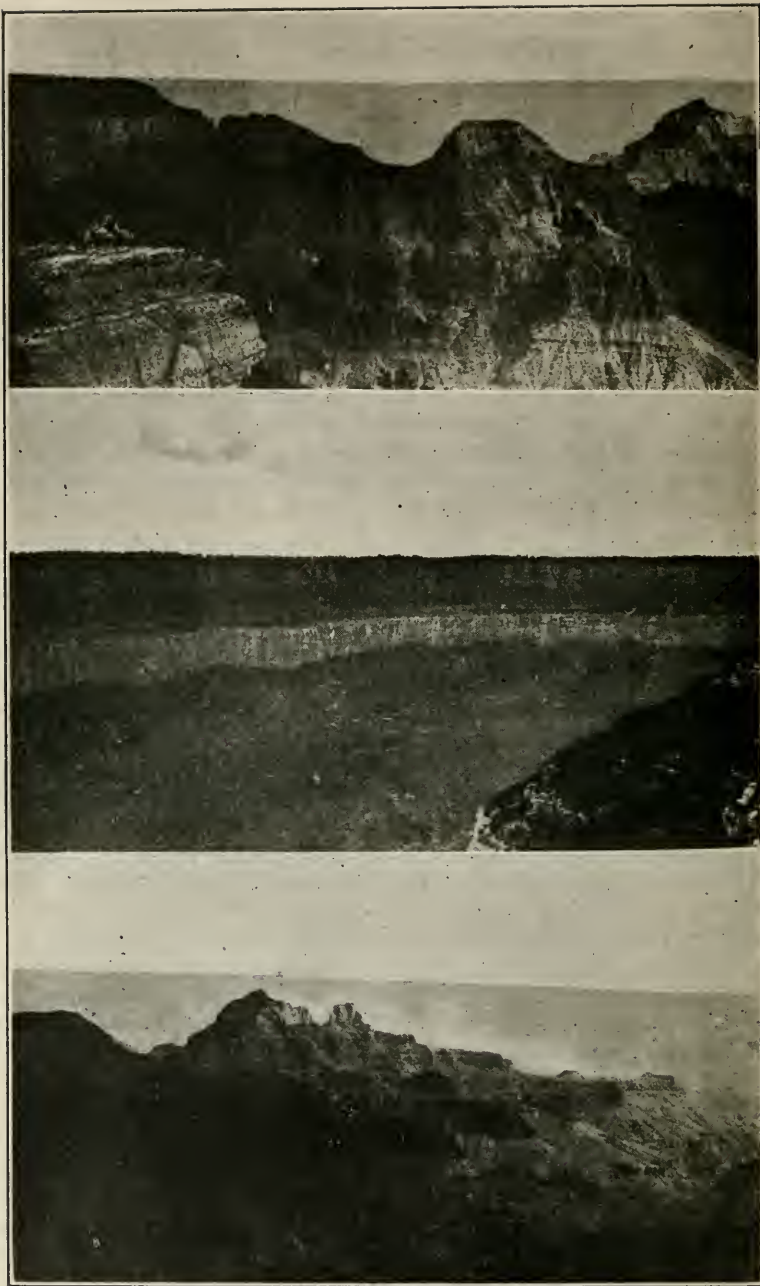
yon" station by direct railroad, with fine hotel accommodations, attracting attention to the south rim as the apparent "front door" of the canyon. And for nearly a half century the vastly larger part of the tourist world visiting the canyon, (and of the literature written about it), have been concerned with the south rim.

Once in a long time, some daring adventurer would penetrate to the cougar-infested north rim country and return to reiterate the fact, as admitted by every visitor who has seen both sides, that the north rim is incomparably superior scenically; but for the most of the years intervening since its original exploration the (mountain) lion's share of the canyon has been left practically unmolested and unseen by tens of thousands who have gone to the canyon, to clasp their hands and rave about it.

Lately, however, fulfilling the prophecies of the people of southern Utah, particularly those of Kanab, the north rim is being re-discovered, and reclaimed by its rightful owners. Five years ago north rim visitors began to include those from central and northern Utah, the journey still being made by teams; but with the gradual improvement of the long camp-strewn highway between the railroad and the canyon, and the improvements of the highways, the more adventurous automobile drivers began arriving at the canyon, and one or two years ago all sizes and makes of cars were registered at the north rim camps, until now the north rim, the greatest and grandest shore of the Grand Canyon has been securely and permanently connected to Utah railway points, and Utah main highways, and thus restored, at least in spirit, as a scenic attraction of southern Utah.

The Marble Canyon and the Grand Canyon, combined, include nearly all of the great circle described by the Colorado river in its course from the Utah state line to the Nevada border of Arizona, with the town of Kanab practically in the focus of the arc, thus described, and about seventy-five miles distant.

It is 284 miles on the river from the head of Marble Canyon near Lee's Ferry to Grand Wash, the lower end of the Grand Canyon, in which distance the stream falls 2,200 feet, according to C. E. Dutton, the surveying geologist, ranging from 4 to 21 feet per mile. The most magnificent scenic region is from the lower end of the Marble Canyon, near the mouth of the Little Colorado river, to Grand Wash, or about 218 miles, the deepest and most diversified section being from the Marble Canyon outlet to Powell's Plateau, a distance on the river of about 85 miles, Fortunately, this is about the most accessible region for north rim visitors, and by short side trips from the few points to which automobiles may be taken to the Canyon Rim, practically this entire area may be visited rather conveniently by any one



Top, left to right:—Obi point, Cape Royal in the distance; Angel's Gate (dim); Brahma temple; Deva temple; immediate foreground, on extreme left, Flat Iron tip of Bright Angel Point. Center:—The Transept, an alcove, in the north rim from Bright Angel point. Bottom:—Bright Angel Creek and adjacent temples of Brahma, Deva, and Zoroaster, from Bright Angel Point.

having the time and the desire. South rim visitors, though aided by magnificent automobile highways along the rim, have access to only about fifteen miles of the canyon as represented by the stream distance.

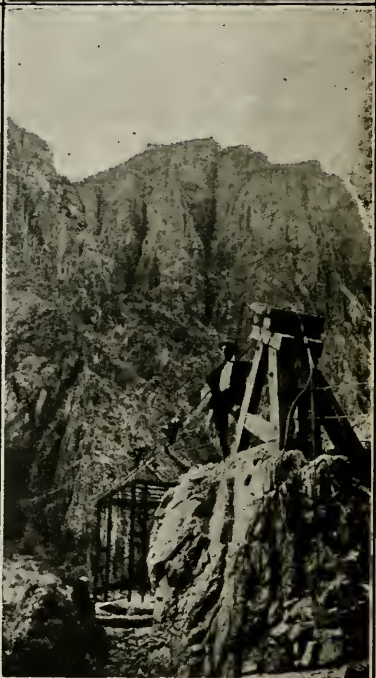
On the inner or shorter rim of the great curve of the canyon, as it cuts its way through the Kaibab Plateau, the distance from the break or walls of the Nankoweap and the Shinumo, the first and approximately the last of the immensely deep amphitheatres or valleys on the Grand Canyon proper, is only fourteen miles in a straight line across this part of the Kaibab, a line which passes very close to the only avoidable springs and camping sites. Thus is the north rim visitor favored beyond comparison over the south rim admirer.

But this is only one point of superiority, and a moderate one; the greater disparity is in the views afforded, once the visitor has arrived at the rim, the north rim scenery being conceded by all who have seen both sides to be vastly superior in every phase and feature which go to make the canyon wonderful. The north rim at Bright Angel Point, the chief point of contact, is approximately a quarter of a mile higher above the river than El Tovar, the chief point of contact on the south rim. This superior altitude affords a commanding view throughout the canyon.

The canyon scenery, consisting of long, projecting promontories from the rim, and tall temple-like mountains in the midst of the canyon, with sides and slopes that are gloriously crowned, banded and carved, with a few exceptions, is confined to the north rim and to the region north of the river, all of which scenery is disposed about within very convenient distance from the accessible points on the north rim. Indeed, the bold, grand points extending from one to eight miles into the canyon, lifting their forest-clad backs almost a mile above the canyon bottoms, are in the very midst of the most majestic scenery.

Fully a score of greater or lesser canyon temples lift their spires and domes almost to the elevation of the observer, and a dozen greater or lesser promontories trim the southerly border of the Kaibab. Add to this *ensemble* the beautiful Kaibab Plateau, a smooth-surfaced mountain forty miles in length, through which the north rim highway reaches the canyon, and the region is indeed the "greatest in the world."

It cannot be seen in a few minutes, nor a few hours. The devotee will more likely require a few weeks, and no one with a heart for the grandeur in Nature, and an eye for the beautiful, can be content with less than a few days at the canyon. Indeed, assuming that the canyon abyss has been swept clean of the almost ever-present haze, unveiled so to speak, by recent storms and winds rendering the visibility excellent,



Top left:—She admits she is afraid of standing to photograph the Transsept which is nearly three-fourths of a mile deep. Top right:—A terminal point on the edge of Bright Angel point: Bottom left:—Rust's cable crossing of the Colorado river. Photo by D. D. Rust, Kanab, Utah. Bottom right:—Bright Angel Tramway and Rust's cable crossing over the Colorado river, the north shore anchorage, and the builder, D. D. Rust.

a condition which may not occur more than three or four days a week, it is a physical impossibility to visit the major points of interest for even a few hours sojourn in less than a week.

To see it in one or two places only is to see the elephant as the blindman saw it, and obtain a totally inadequate impression. As a matter of fact, the scenes under the changing lights and halations from any of the north rim vantage points are so wonderfully like a vast slow-rolling kaleidoscope that one could with profit spend a day or two on a single point alone; and if there is a prospect of unsettled weather, especially stormy weather, which invariably adds much to the glory of the canyon, one could well afford to spend a week on Bright Angel Point alone.

The early morning and late afternoon shadows of the temples and towers in the canyon depths, and the promontories cause these objects to stand forth in strong relief, and at these times, toward the sun, the intense and vivid colors literally burn throughout this vast valley of shadows in indescribable splendor. Therefore the casual hurrying visitor may make the trip, but he does not "experience" the canyon.

After the visitor has pitched camp at Bright Angel or Catalo springs—which may be done privately or with the Rust or Wylie outfits maintaining facilities at those places—the first view from Bright Angel Point will probably strike him as being the grandest possible. It is only a few rods from the camp. Nothing less than a day, including an early morning and a late evening visit for contemplation from the extreme end of Bright Angel Point, will suffice, including such reconnoitering about The Transept and the Companion Alcove, which form the voids at the sides of Bright Angel Point.

The next place, which also may be reached by all with comparative ease, is Greenland Rim, the eastern edge of the Kaibab overlooking the Kwagunt and Nankoweap amphitheatres, to the mouth of the Marble Canyon, and of the Little Colorado. Here the general trend of the canyon is north-south, the general view being easterly. Therefore this region should be visited in the forenoon, as early in the morning as possible, sunrise being better than all, because of the rapid shifting of the shadows and varying of the lights. The views here are comparatively flat in the late afternoon, the canyon forms being pasted against the background in the line of light from the sun.

Trips on horseback to the more southerly parts of Greenland, and also to rim regions west of Bright Angel Point, are highly advisable as both regions are replete with scenes which cannot be duplicated elsewhere. Indeed it is like multiplying the grandeur of the feast by two or by three if a two-day journey can be made to Cape Royal, and also to Point Sublime.



Left top:—Camp Woolley at Catalo springs, near Bright Angel springs, north rim of the canyon. Right:—Camp Rust in the Lower Bright Angel Canyon near the cable-way. Bottom left:—D. D. Rust's cableway crossing over the Colorado, near the mouth of Bright Angel Creek. Right:—From Bright Angel Point south across Bright Angel Creek, showing Deva, (large), Zoroaster (small) temples. Photos by D. D. Rust.

Also, a number of half-day walking journeys from the headquarters camp to points on the rim will be taken by the true lover of the canyon.

Then if there is room for any more thrills in the visitor's soul, or if he prefers to improve his time, earlier, while waiting for the change in the weather, he will take the river trip on horseback down the Woolley Trail in Bright Angel Creek. This is a royal journey through an ever deepening and narrowing gorge of majestic towers and walls, terminating at a River Tent Camp usually maintained at the Cable crossing by those faithful prophets who have seen the north rim region come into its own, D. E. Woolley, and D. D. Rust, of Kanab, builders of the trail, and the cattle crossing, and developers of the springs at Catalo camp.

This trip can be made in two days, but it is better to make it in three, spending one day in the colossal depths of the canyon labyrinth about the mouth of Bright Angel Creek and along the inner gorge of the roaring Colorado. Good pedestrians can readily ascend to El Tovar for lunch on the south rim, and return in an interesting but strenuous day. This will give one an opportunity to appraise the views from the south rim, though at midday they are always poorest because of the lack of shadows. One will also be *deeply impressed* with the fact that south rim visitors cannot ever, in any important numbers, reach the north rim by crossing the river, and thus that the north side of the world's greatest gorge actually belongs to Utah.

Now, not Then

Speak no kind words to me,
 Bring no fair flowers to me,
 When I am dead.
 Your words unheard will be,
 Your flowers I cannot see,
 When I am dead.

Speak now your words of cheer.
 Bring now your flowers so dear,
 Now, while I live.
 Your words may soothe my sorrow
 Your flowers brighten my morrow.
 Now, while I live.

Do not wait till I am dead
 Your words of love to say;
 Do not wait till I am dead
 To bring your flowers gay;
 All earthly flowers that bloom
 Will not dispel the gloom
 That aye pervades the tomb,
 When I am dead.

San Diego, Cal.

D. C. Retsloff.

Melvin and the Moon

By Donna Reith Scott

It was October, but this evening in the little mountain village was like one taken from June. The calm breeze coming from over the hills was faintly touched with the scent of pines. In the shadowy twilight crickets were piping from a thousand unseen places. A night bird cried alone in the distance.

A bright glow lit the sky in the southeast, and ever spread over a larger space. Quickly the full, yellow, haze-enlarged moon swung over a clear-cut peak of the mountains. It cast a soft radiance over the rambling old hotel and over the two middle-aged women rocking back and forth on its vine-covered balcony. Its light stole through the open door, to the rear of them, onto little Melvin's bed, and laughed into his half-open eyes.

For a few moments the women, quietly gazed at the moon's face and at the limpid reflection falling upon the slopes of the mountains in the distance.

Mrs. Warren, who was Melvin's nurse, sighed gently under the spell of the beauty of the night. "It doesn't seem to be golden and big and glowing like that in the city. How strange, it is," she mused. "They say it's a great globe of cold slag."

"Yes," Mrs. Ruehl, the hotel proprietor's wife, responded, "there are hills and valleys, metals and stones on the moon, just like ours and—"

"Nurse," Melvin called, "who owns them?"

"Owns what, honey?"

"The hills and valleys."

"What hills and valleys?"

"On the moon!"

"He does think of the strangest things!" Mrs. Ruehl murmured.

Mrs. Warren turned her head toward the open door and explained, "There's no one there to own them, honey. Probably there's wonderful things there. But there is no one to see. Go to sleep now, dear; it's late, so you'll grow to be a big, strong boy."

The small voice inside ceased.

Suddenly something like a huge bird loomed in the sky.

"What's that?" the nurse exclaimed.

The other woman leaned over the balcony to see better. "Oh," she replied, "that's young Harry Jones in his airplane.

He's a terribly smart boy, only seventeen. He made his own machine. He works during the day, and on moonlight nights he always flies."

In the silver silence of the night they heard the sound of his machine, and saw him fly up, up, steering toward the moon. Then there against the brilliant globe he seemed to hang.

"Oh—oh, how thrilling," Mrs. Warren ejaculated. "How beautiful! Melvin must see this."

She sprang from her chair and fluttered in beside his bed. "Honey?" she chirped, bending over.

Melvin opened his sleepy eyes, looked at her, and then closed them again.

She snatched a blanket off the bed, wrapped him in it, and ran to the balcony.

On the edge of it she held him. "Look up! Quick, honey. Wake up. I want you to see something." She pointed toward the moon. "See, honey?"

His big blue eyes opened heavily and gazed out into space. Directly the long lashes fell over them.

"See, dear," Mrs. Ruehl urged. "See, Harry Jones in his airplane. He's hanging against the moon."

Melvin's eye opened desperately. Blinkingly, he stared long and hard. He began to quiver with sleepy excitement. "Right—in, in the moon, isn't h-e-e-e?"

With the last drawn-out vowel his head fell heavily on his nurse's shoulder.

The next evening was another Indian summer one. Melvin was put to bed about eight o'clock. A half hour later, the nurse peeped into his room from the balcony door. The bed was disarranged and unoccupied. She viewed it stupidly for a moment, and then switched on the light. Melvin's clothes, including his overcoat and cap, were gone. "Honey, honey, where are you?" she cried.

There was no reply.

She ran to the top of the stairs and summoned Mr. and Mrs. Ruehl.

Straightway the couple began a search of the house, while the nurse hastened out into the road.

Everyone in the village knew the little "city boy," who had come to the hotel with a trained nurse, a month ago, to get strong after an attack of scarlet fever.

Breathless, agitated, in the stillness of the beautiful, star-hung night, she sped down the road. She rapped at doors and faltered, "Melvin is missing. Have you seen him?"

The answer was always "No," until she reached the boy aviator's home. "Have you seen Melvin this evening?" she asked, despair in her voice, as Harry opened the door in answer to her knock.

"Yes," he replied, "he was here about a quarter of an hour ago. He asked me if I were going to fly tonight. I said, 'Yes, when the moon comes up.' Then, almost in tears, with quivering lips, he coaxed me to take him along. Of course, I wouldn't take a little fellow like him. I laughed and told him to run on home, quick."

Relief had been showing in her face at the aviator's first words. Now renewed anxiety took possession of her.

"But where did he go from here?" she asked. "If he had gone home I would have met him on the road."

"Why," the boy replied, "he turned right around and went toward the hotel. I didn't watch him. I went into the house."

Returning, the nurse found Mr. and Mrs. Ruehl, and nearly the entire population of the village grouped on the wide bridge over the creek.

He hadn't come back to the hotel, they told her.

"Maybe he got stole," a glittering-eyed, dime-novel reading boy suggested, "or maybe he fell into the creek."

"Oh, I don't know what to do?" she moaned.

Then as she saw several walk off the bridge, stoop, and peer into the gurgling water, she turned and ran to the railroad station, calling, "I'll phone his parents."

Melvin's father replied.

She told him how the child had been put to bed, presumably got up, dressed, and had gone out. And now he could not be found.

"Get men to search the country," he ordered. "His mother is at the theater. I won't alarm her. I'll be there as fast as an automobile can bring me. Hire men. Save no expense."

When she reached the road again, men were grappling in the water. Lanterns were bobbing in and out among the dark clumps of willows. Other men were standing in groups lighting flickering lanterns and planning a system of search.

Tears began to run down her cheeks. "I'll hire every man in the town," she sobbed. "I should have watched him closer. He's such a different child."

No man wanted to be hired; but every man was going to search.

One group was to explore the creek and the path along it, one to go toward the low hills, one to beat the surrounding fields, and those who had horses to take the trail to the peak.

The first three groups had already started on the hunt, the fourth group had gone home to get their horses to meet on the bridge later, when from the trail leading from the peak came the trot, trot of a horse's feet.

An aged rancher drew up on the bridge. The excited crowd surrounded him. Before he had a chance to say a word, a dozen

voices told him, "Melvin, the little city boy, is lost. Have you seen him?"

"Wall, now, I believe I did," he answered, slowly, thoughtfully. "Awhile back, I saw a boy on the path leading to the peak. He was just agoing up from the hollow."

A tense hope was shaking Mrs. Warren's body. "A boy about so high?" she asked, holding out her hand a few feet above the ground.

"About that, I judge," he answered.

Mrs. Warren exclaimed in half-joyous relief, appealing to the crowd's opinion, "Of course, that must have been him. After he was out, he took it into his head to go and see his friend Jack."

"That's it! That's it," a dozen voices agreed.

"His friend Jack, as he calls him," Mrs. Warren went on, "patiently explains everything to him. Melvin probably thought of something that seemed very important to him. He wanted to ask him, and fearlessly went up the trail to find him."

One after another the men on horseback galloped up. Mrs. Warren, now more cheerful, instructed them, "Please go up to where Melvin's friend, the naturalist, is camping. He's somewhere on that trail."

In a cloud of dust they tramped away. Mrs. Warren grew quite calm. It was merely a question of time and he would be back.

A boy on a bicycle was dispatched to tell the other searchers the news and to recall them. The general tension relaxed.

"Nothin' to worry about," the old rancher consoled Mrs. Warren before he drove on, "nothin' but rabbits, squirrels and such like that way."

In the soft air the villagers lounged by the creek, chatting of Melvin, and wondering how long it would take Mr. Ramsey, his father, to get there, while time dragged on.

Suddenly, as on the preceding evening, the moon soared over the mountains, touching the scene with a glow as fair as early dawn. The young aviator glanced wistfully at it, smiling there among the stars.

"You going to fly tonight?" a pretty girl tittered. "The moon's up."

"I don't know. I had intended going up. I got the machine all ready before dark," he sighed. "It's standing lonesome-like on the lawn in the rear of the house."

"Go on, fly."

"Want to see me?"

"Sure," she giggled.

"Might as well, then," he answered, nochalantly. He strolled toward his home, a short distance along the road.

The girl and a few other persons began to straggle after

him, but stopped in an attitude of listening, while the aviator went on.

In the dim distance an automobile was coming swiftly.

"Melvin's father," Mrs. Warren breathed. "How could he ever get here so soon!"

The roar of the automobile came nearer every moment. When the aviator began his flight, no one was interested enough to glance that way. All eyes were peering in the opposite direction. All ears were listening to the motor rushing madly into town.

Its powerful, spreading light came closer every second, like a sunbeam in a whirlwind.

The dusty machine jerked to a standstill. Melvin's young father leaned over, his hollow eyes on the nurse's face. "Well!"

Quickly she told him, "Men have gone to get him. He was seen going up the trail to the peak. He took it into his head to visit his friend Jack."

"God," he sighed, a little of the anguish dying out of his face. He stopped the engine to hear better, and to ask questions. The moment the beating of the engine ceased, the whirr of the flying machine, in the air above their heads saturated the night.

Mr. Ramsey, and simultaneously everyone else, looked into the sky.

A horrified scream tore the air. Mr. Ramsey jumped from the car, shrieking. Caught by some sort of a band, a tiny figure was swaying beneath the airplane, with arms and legs extended as though swimming.

"Melvin!" Mrs. Warren screamed, hysterically.

"Oh, mercy," Mr. Ramsey groaned, clenching his hands. "Melvin! Melvin!"

Astonishment, apprehension, horror, terror, was expressed on every countenance. Like madmen they shrieked and jumped to attract the attention of the aviator.

While screams, shouts, revolver shots, and the automobile horn made hideous the air, the machine ascended slowly, serenely, majestically toward the calm moon.

Mrs. Warren, now in violent tears, and Mr. Ramsey, aghast at his own helplessness, pleaded for suggestions.

Abruptly the station agent wheeled round and rushed away. He dashed back with a dozen red lights, used for danger signals on the railroad. In panic haste he put them in men's hands. In a flurry they placed them certain paces apart and lit them. "He can't hear, but he can see," the agent bawled, above the din.

The pale, uplifted faces turned grotesquely pink in the flaring glare. Like a fantastic, ruddy sunrise, it shook over the

nearby country-side. Beyond it the moonlight lay cold like snow.

There was a terrible hush of suspense.

The child, in his perilous position, still swam in the flood of air.

When the lights blazed their brightest, a trembling cry of congratulation came from the assembled throats. The aviator turned, dipped, and began to glide swiftly to earth.

Over the strained faces in the crimsoned moonlight a spell seemed to fall. They bent silently like statues toward the oncoming machine.

The airplane headed for a nearby field. Then the crowd, with eyes filled with anxiety, tears, hope, relief as in a wild nightmare, fled to reach it through the red glow.

Melvin's father led in the leap over the fence to the field. Boys, girls, old men, old women came in a stream. They crawled, leaped, jumped, hopped and fell over the fence instead of opening the gate. Mrs. Jones ran out of her door with a pitcher of hot milk, and brought up the rear. Everyone was shouting something to Harry Jones.

The instant the machine touched the ground Mr. Ramsey fell on his knees.

"What's the matter?" the aviator was beginning, when the father began to tug at the little tied figure. "Holy smoke! Melvin! I thought the town was afire."

Mr. Ruehl leaned down to assist the shaking father. He pulled on the band that held the child. He reeled back a pace. "The holdback straps I gave him to play with this afternoon!"

He hastily unbuckled them. Mr. Ramsey turned the child over and clasped him in his arms.

There was a long scratch on his cheek, and his hands were cut and dirty. He opened his eyes, and through chattering teeth said, "Lo, papa."

Trembling with repressed emotion, the father could not reply.

Someone wrapped a shawl around the child. Mrs. Warren held a glass of milk to his lips. "Drink this, honey."

Shivering, he drank it.

"My son, what did you do such an awful thing for?" the man asked.

Melvin snuggled closer in the shawl. "It—was c-cold! But we never got there."

"Got wh—?"

"Don't you know how-w Sinbad in the 'Rabian Nights tied him—himself to that big bird's foot, and found a val-valley of diamonds?"

"Yes."

"I wanted to see what there was in the v-a-l-l-e-y of the m-o-o-n."

His head was drooping with sleep. He roused himself with an effort, shook the shawl loose, stuffed his little cold hands in his overcoat pocket, and drew out a pillow case. "If there were any nice diamonds I was going to bring some for ev-er-y-bo-dy." *Aromas, Cala.*

Greeting to the M. I. A. Officers *

By Elder Anthony W. Ivins, General Superintendent Y. M. M. I. A.

In behalf of the General Board of the Young Men's Mutual Improvement Association, I extend to you our heartfelt welcome to this city, and the activities of this Convention.

We have come up here for a very serious purpose. We expect, of course, to intersperse pleasure with it, so far as that can be properly and legitimately done, but I suppose that never before in the history of the Church has a convention assembled which had more real problems, problems of greater importance to solve, than have we.

I need not refer to them at this time. You who are familiar with the condition of the world, and who realize and appreciate the importance of the effort which we should put into the great movement for social, political and religious reform, which is so greatly needed in our country, as well as in other countries, know that our very best effort is demanded.

This congregation is a splendid tribute to the faith of the Latter-day Saints. God bless you, my brethren and sisters. You who are assembled here, even though you stood alone in the world, inspired by the Spirit of the living God, and endowed, as you are, with the Holy Priesthood, are irresistible, though all the powers which the enemy of righteousness can bring to bear be arrayed against you.

Truth is irresistible. The trouble has been that those who have held it in the past, who have stood for the truth, have gradually loosened their hold upon righteousness, until the world has submerged and absorbed them. Thank the Lord that condition is not to be repeated in our time. Therefore, my brethren and sisters, I look forward with absolute confidence to the triumph of the Lord's work, in which we are engaged. I pray that while we are together his Spirit may attend us, through Jesus Christ. Amen.

*Delivered at the opening meeting, Assembly Hall, Salt Lake City, June 11, 1920, 10 a. m.

Spiritual Preparation the Basis of Progressive Action*

By Elder Joseph W. McMurrin of the First Council of Seventy and President of the California Mission

I fear that in the great work established among men, by the Lord our God, through the revelation of his holy will to the Prophet Joseph Smith, at the opening of this dispensation, there has come to be a feeling that the special time when men need the help of the Holy Spirit, is when they are in a position such as I occupy at the present moment. There ought to be, in the mind of every man and woman who has been called to work in the great cause that God has established, the thought, that in every department of the Lord's work there is necessity for the inspiration and help of the Spirit and power of God. There should be the full conviction in the soul of every man and woman engaged in the service of God, that no work connected with the purposes of our Father in heaven can be satisfactorily accomplished, unless the individual who undertakes that work is in the companionship of the Holy Spirit. I fear, also, that sometimes there are those who expect some remarkable manifestations, if they are to speak or act under the direction of the Spirit of the Lord; but we read inspired teaching on this subject as follows:

"The wind bloweth where it listeth, and thou hearest the sound thereof, but canst not tell whence it cometh, and whither it goeth: so is every one that is born of the Spirit."

It is a still, quiet Spirit; it does not come like roaring thunder, or proclaiming in a pompous voice, but it comes as the gentle dew of heaven upon the individual who receives the divine gift. We should all understand there is something necessary on the part of the individual before he can be entitled to the companionship of the Holy Spirit. The scriptures teach:

"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God, and that the Spirit of God dwelleth in you?"

*The general theme, "The M. I. A. in Progressive Action," was under discussion. Miss Clarissa A. Beesley had answered the question, "When is the M. I. A. in Progressive Action?" Three speakers followed, showing how progressive action is secured through spiritual and intellectual preparation and by service. Elder McMurrin was one of them, and Mary E. Connelly, on Intellectual Preparation, and Richard R. Lyman, on Service, were the others.—*Editors.*

"If any man defile the temple of God, him shall God destroy; for the temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

We should seek to comprehend this declaration that each individual is a temple of God; each one of us can be under the direction of the wonderful Spirit that is given by the Lord our God, to those who are called to minister in his name, and to labor in his work. By the power of that Spirit, men can be qualified for the duties and responsibilities that rest upon them, wherever they are appointed to labor. You know there is a scripture that declares "that God hath taken the weak things of the world." No man or woman, therefore, need be in any way discouraged, thank God. In all ages it has been the custom and will of our Father in heaven, in his dealings with mortal men, to take the weak things from among them for the accomplishment of his mighty purposes. In the beginning of this gospel period he chose Joseph Smith, the great and mighty man and prophet of the living God. One could scarcely find a weaker vessel than Joseph Smith, the fourteen-year-old boy, who was chosen of the Lord to introduce among men the great dispensation of the fulness of times. Oh, how weak the child, but how mighty he was made by the power of God! How he was trained, educated, qualified, and made able for the great work of the latter days! How, through that divine inspiration that came upon him from the Lord our God, he was made to comprehend the purposes of our Father in heaven, and succeeded in laying the foundations of His great work in such a marvelous manner, that from the lips of wise men who are not of us, there is given at times most freely the declaration that this work, established in the latter times, is marvelous above all other works known to man in this age of the world! That is what God can do by the power of the Holy Spirit. He can develop, he can educate, he can qualify, he can make men equal to the mightiest responsibilities. Without that Spirit, it matters not what other qualifications we may possess, in attempting to do the work of God, we fail. Men and women, if we succeed, we must have the light of the Holy Spirit. The necessity for divine companionship is thus set forth:

"When he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth: for he shall not speak of himself; but whatsoever he shall hear, that shall he speak: and he will shew you things to come.

"He shall glorify me: for he shall receive of mine, and shall show it unto you."

Let us understand, then, as officers and workers in the great Mutual Improvement cause, that this is a department of the Lord's work, established with a specific purpose, and that purpose, that the youth of Israel might become educated in the mighty things of God, and that into their souls there might

come that mysterious and quickening power that can take of the deep things of God, and reveal them most clearly unto mortal men.

Let me read the words of the great colonizer, the great president, the great prophet, Brigham Young. I would to God that these words might be burned into the hearts of every man and woman in this congregation, that they might grasp and understand, just as Brigham Young comprehended, the power of the Holy Spirit. This is his testimony:

"If all the talent, tact, wisdom and refinement of the world had been sent to me with the Book of Mormon, and had declared in the most exalted of earthly eloquence the truth of it, undertaking to prove it by learning and worldly wisdom, they would have been to me like the smoke which arises only to vanish away. But when I saw a man without eloquence or talents for public speaking, who could only say: 'I know by the power of the Holy Ghost that the Book of Mormon is true, that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of the Lord,' the Holy Ghost proceeding from that individual, illuminated my understanding, and light, glory and immortality were before me. I was encircled by them, filled with them, and I knew for myself that the testimony was true."

That is the power of the Spirit of God, and that testimony is as true as any word that ever fell from the lips of any prophet. All the wisdom, learning and eloquence of the world, coming with the statement that the Book of Mormon is true, is absolutely powerless to bring to any human being a knowledge that it is true; but without worldly wisdom, without human learning, without the polish of the world, but in the possession and power of the Holy Ghost, men can be made to know most perfectly that the Book of Mormon is a revelation from the Lord our God, and in like manner they can be brought to know the truth in every other department of the Lord's work.

You cannot know, my brethren and sisters, the strength and power and purpose of the M. I. A. work, unless you have within you the power and Spirit of God, unless unto you has been revealed the greatness of the work of our God, unless you have been made to feel, by the power of the Spirit, that you are dealing with the souls of men, the most precious objects in the world.

When I read in your hearing the words of Brigham Young, that all the wisdom and eloquence and power of men would be like the smoke that arises and passes away, in trying to convince others of the truth of the Book of Mormon, let no one think that there was aught in Brigham Young in opposition to education. Oh, no; great monuments stand that tell the story. The Brigham Young College in Cache Valley, endowed by President Brigham Young, the Brigham Young University in Provo, they tell the story. Brigham Young was a lover of education; Brigham Young had been made to know, by that same wonderful

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Spirit that had revealed to him the truth of the Book of Mormon, that without knowledge there could be no salvation. Brigham Young comprehended most completely the motto we have upon our M. I. A. button, the words of the Prophet Joseph Smith, the wonderful words—"The glory of God is intelligence." He also understood the truth of the doctrine that, "No man can be saved in ignorance." Brigham Young comprehended all this, and he comprehended much more. He knew full well that no man could understand the purposes of God, that no man could labor with full intelligence and with full power, without the companionship of the Holy Spirit. Acceptance of the truth concerning this message is necessary to the success of every man and every woman. This truth is necessary to every Mutual Improvement worker, and the work cannot be successfully accomplished without it. Beautiful words can be uttered, pleasing things can be said, the ears of people can be tickled, independent of this wonderful Spirit; but if the heart be touched, it is not by eloquence, it is not by worldly knowledge. Diplomas from educational institutions and the information you have received from mortal men are good, they also are necessary, but when men's hearts are touched concerning the work of God, and they are made to understand and love the truth, it is by and through the Spirit of God, and in no other way.

So, we commend to every worker in the Mutual Improvement cause the very great necessity of being in the companionship of that Holy Spirit. We ought to be in such condition that we can say, in connection with our Mutual Improvement work, what the old prophet long ago could say:

"Search me, O God, and know my heart: try me, and know my thoughts: and see if there be any wicked way in me, and lead me in the way everlasting."

The man or woman who can thus call upon our Father in heaven to search his soul, is the individual who can be baptized with the Spirit and who can put his hands to the work in the power of God, and do the things that God would have wrought out.

"Light has come into the world," a writer said in the *Millennial Star* a few years ago—"but the world perceives it not, because of a perverse determination to close their eyes when looking in the direction of that light. As the light of a lamp will brighten a room, as the electric light will make clearly visible distant objects, as the light of the sun will illuminate the world, and as the X-rays will penetrate apparently opaque objects, so there is a greater light, a light that penetrates the understanding and makes luminous the present."

I hope we can carry this great truth in our minds:

"We think some of these things that are transpiring in the world are wonderful, and they are indeed wonderful, but a light greater than all other

lights, the light that penetrates the understanding and makes luminous the present, reaches into the pre-mortal past and casts its refulgent rays into the future, even beyond this vale of tears. This light emanates from the source of all light, the great Eternal Father."

And with that light, in connection with all of our studies and with all the information that we can obtain from every good source, we should seek to our Father in heaven, that we may be directed in the use of all information that we can obtain by that Light greatest of all, that our Father in heaven may be glorified and that the labor that has been committed into our hands may be properly wrought out; that we may sense the value of the souls of men, and may feel the honor of laboring to save and keep the souls of men, that we may understand that they are precious above all other things in the world, and that, in this Mutual Improvement labor, we are making impressions upon the minds of boys and girls that will live forever. It is a solemn and serious thought, and every man and woman engaged in this work, making impressions of this character, should be very much concerned as they go forward in progressive action, that they go in the companionship of the Holy Spirit, and that they are doing the things that the Lord our God requires, and the things that are revealed by the unerring guide of that Spirit, that can take of the things of God and make them plain to the understanding of the most humble man and woman.

Let every M. I. A. officer understand that the revealed word of God in this dispensation is thus recorded:

"And the Spirit shall be given unto you by the prayer of faith, and if ye receive not the Spirit, ye shall not teach."

God help us, and make us successful in the great work committed to our hands, I humbly pray, through Jesus Christ, our Lord. Amen.

Words of Ours

"Awake, little flower,"

The South wind sighed;
A daisy heard and bloomed.

"'Tis only a weed,"

The North wind cried;
The daisy frail was doomed.

* * * * *

Human hopes like summer flowers,
Are often crushed by words of ours.

San Diego, Cal.

D. C. Retsloff.

Service a Means of Progressive Action*

By Elder Richard R. Lyman, of the Council of the Twelve

This is certainly a wonderful gathering. As I look through that open door and see upon the Gull monument the bent backs of the pioneers—men and women—engaged in a struggle to reap their crops, I cannot help but think how their hearts must rejoice, if they know what the results are of the service they rendered and the sacrifices they made.

I have listened with great interest to what has been said on this occasion. Every word spoken has been uttered with the thought of putting us into even more progressive action. The words of Miss Beesley have stirred us greatly. We all feel the inspiration in the words of Brother McMurrin. Without spiritual strength and a burning testimony, we cannot go forward with the spreading of the gospel and the converting of the people as the plan has been begun by the worthy pioneers through whom our heavenly Father has revealed the message of this last day and dispensation.

Then the words of Miss Connelly—an appeal to us to study, to work, to put forth effort to do what the Scriptures so clearly state: “Store in your minds continuously the words of life, and it shall be given you in the very hour, that portion that shall be meted unto every man.” While spiritual and intellectual preparation are important, these are perhaps not most important. We may have the inspiration, we may have the intellectual training, but if our work is to be effective, we must stand ready always to give service. Your presence here tells more forcefully than can I with what willingness you are ready to serve. I was thrilled when I saw this great body of General Board members on the stand. Why? Because they are strong men who are willing and ready to give service. For what purpose? For the good of mankind. But he who gives service receives, himself, for so giving, the greatest benefit; when I see how many strong men and women are here whose time, perhaps, could hardly be secured with money, I say the hearts of the grand old pioneers are rejoicing if they know that you are here and that you are making this tremendous contribution in the form of service. As I see these lawyers here, these business men in attendance, and the president of our State University present, I repeat, brethren and sisters, this is a glorious occasion.

*Remarks at the opening session M. I. A. Conference, June 11, 1920.

I desire to emphasize two or three points and one of the most important is organization. I think probably as yet we do not appreciate the strength of our Church organization. In our missions, stakes, and associations, if the work is to be effective, our organizations must be effective. A lecturer of broad experience and a great engineer, emphasizing the importance of organization, said: "Suppose that a man owned all the money that is being put into a great project. Perhaps in the construction a thousand men are employed. The compensation that goes to each of these may come from the pocket of this one individual. If coming upon the work, this man sees that a water-boy should be clapped on the head, if he claps that boy on the head, the whole organization, from top to bottom, will be wrecked by that one stroke. If he steps into his office and says to A: 'That boy must be clapped on the head,' and A takes the message to B, B gives it to C, C to D, etc., all the way down the line until finally the man is reached who employed the boy, who directs him in his work, and perhaps handles his compensation, when he claps the boy on the head the intensity and effectiveness of the whole organization is increased."

So in our work there must be organization. Every man and every woman must be respected in his or her place. It is a psychological fact that all human beings like responsibility. To make your organization effective, place responsibility upon those over whom you preside and then hold them for results.

One other thing: Do not hesitate. While it is important to have a fine plan, don't use all your time in preparation. The most important thing to be done in many cases is to decide. Often a little thought will show that arriving at a conclusion is much more important than is the conclusion itself. A poor plan well executed is better than a good plan poorly executed. Better oftentimes to make a little mistake than to hesitate too long.

We had a song out in the country where I lived, about one of our school-teachers. A part of the chorus was:

"He taught us to read, to write and to 'rithmetic."

So I am going to teach you "three r's" and in so doing I shall be emphasizing what Miss Connelly has said: These are to read, to write and to remember. There is hardly any element in intellectual effort that helps the memory more than does writing.

Another help to the memory is illustrated by an experience told to the students of the University of Utah by General Richard W. Young. He said he had the honor of being graduated from West Point with the man who received the highest average mark which that institution has given. He asked this young man: "How is it that you seem to know everything of nearly every subject, and yet you devote so little time to your

books?" "Well," said the student, "when a lesson is assigned, I open my book and look it over. I close the book, put on my hat, and go out for a stroll. It is then that I do my work." It is not what we eat, but what we digest, that counts. It is not what we read, but what we remember, that gives us mental power. Therefore I urge that you follow this same practice. If you are following a plow, walking on the street, pitching hay, or doing any other kind of labor, learn the lesson you have read and written and you will be able, in this work of ours, to render more effective service.

You are familiar with the following words: "If a man have a hundred sheep, and one of them be gone astray, doth he not leave the ninety and nine, and goeth into the mountains, and seeketh that which is gone astray?"

If we are to render real service, we are not to be satisfied with teaching and training those only who come to us, that is, with merely watching the ninety and nine, but we are to go into the mountains, to climb the hillside, to wander through the woods, to go into the remote places, and find the one that has gone astray; and when we have found that one, as the Scriptures say, we will rejoice more over his salvation than over the ninety and nine that have not gone astray. "Even so, it is not the will of your Father which is in heaven that even one of these little ones should perish." There should be no road so rough or lane so long that we will not be willing to travel it if at its end there is a boy or a girl to save, for the country, the community or the Church.

Let us be worthy sons and worthy daughters of those grand old pioneers, and let us do as they have done; that is, give to the world the best we have, and let us, as they did, give that best in service. I ask it through Jesus Christ. Amen.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN'S BIBLE

The Bible which fed the soul of Abraham Lincoln in the Kentucky log cabin of his boyhood was one of the cheap little Bibles imported from England by vote of the American Congress in 1777.

Lincoln loved the Bible above all other books and once paid the following tribute to it:

"I am profitably engaged in reading the Bible. Take all of this book upon reason that you can and the balance by faith and you will live and die a better man. In regard to the Great Book, I have only to say that it is the best book which God has given to men."

The American Bible Society alone has issued more than 138,000,000 volumes since its organization in 1816,

What of the Future?*

By Elder James E. Talmage, of the Council of the Twelve

Throughout the three-day period now drawing to its close, two of the great auxiliary organizations within the Church—the Mutual Improvement and the Primary Associations—have been dealing with problems involving the present and the past, and with plans for the immediate future—for the few short months of the year upon which we are just entering, so close upon us as to be relatively part of the present.

It is fitting that the framers of the program should have reserved the last few minutes for a thought of the future, for prospect rather than retrospect, in line and in tune with the noble resolution of devoted youth and maturity: "By the help of God I will do," instead of the old-age contentment, however well and deservedly earned, "By the grace of God I have done."

The future is long, to us of mortal limitations infinitely longer than the past. The future is vibrant with life, hope, determination, work. The past is alive to us only as recollection serves and as its effects are potent in the composite present.

To the individual, the past as he remembers it is known. We call it experience, sweet perhaps, or bitter, but usually both—bitter-sweet; darksome or bright, regretful or satisfying, but generally again, both—a variegated picture of joys and griefs, of smiles and tears, of successes and failures, of seeming victory and defeat.

As to our individual future, we are prone to surmise, assuming that we can not know; and yet, in a measure, we may know, by rigid deduction from the remembered past, and by careful and true analysis of the pulsing present, our calculations being corrected and confirmed by the unerring standard of revealed truth as to the will and purposes of the divine Father respecting us, his children.

Let me call to our aid a figurative conception. We are weavers all. The loom of life is praying out its fabric of duty, steadily, without halt or hitch in the machinery of destiny. Our concern lies in the orderly weaving of the moments present, as the warp of life advances unceasingly, uninterruptedly, inch by inch, and the shuttles of duty dart to and fro with their weft of current deeds. What shall the woven picture be? In color

*Delivered at the Sunday evening meeting of the M. I. A. Conference, June 13, 1920.

bright or somber? Shall it be white or stained with the awful crimson and black of sin? Shall it be a realization of the great Designer's plan, or but a blur upon a mass of tangled threads, the effect of the weaver having become a law unto himself? We may not know the whole design, only the part with which we are at present concerned.

Once I was privileged to visit a school for the sightless. It was a well-ordered institution. There were work-shops, and among them a rug and carpet factory. Blind pupils sat at the looms. One particularly beautiful rug attracted much attention; and the blind boy who had made it, through work, work, work, covering many months, all in darkness, was highly complimented by the visitors.

"Thank you," he said, "others have told me that my work is beautiful. They say there are flowers in the rug, roses and pansies."

"Yes, and beautiful flowers they are," rejoined one of the visitors. "But tell us, how can you do such work when you are blind?"

"I do as I am told," he said, "and the one who plans the pattern and who directs me in my work, knows, because he can see!"

Concerning the present and the immediate future, it behooves us to be devotedly and devoutly attentive. As reminiscence, though in place and profitable at times, may be indulged until it becomes an idle habit, paralyzing to present service, so, too exclusive contemplation of what lies beyond and far may be equally wasteful of the time that is ours, here and now. One of the minor prophets, a poet inspired, has rightly admonished us, that:

"* * * Not to know at large of things remote
From us, obscure and subtle, but to know
That which before us lies in daily life
Is the prime wisdom."—*Milton*.

Look ye all to the duty of the hour; it is the parent of the on-coming future.

Be mindful of the solemn and eternal fact that in the succession of divine events every ending is a beginning, every consummation a commencement. The ripening of a fertilized seed is the potential start of a new plant. Every human birth marks the termination of the antemortal stage of a spirit's existence, and the beginning of the short but surpassingly important epoch of mortality; and what we call death is a real ending of mortal experience and the beginning of the advanced stage of disembodiment—in paradise, or hades, according to what the spirit really is; and that period shall in time be terminated by

the resurrection of the just and unjust, in due order; and thereby shall the never-ending state of reembodiment be initiated.

The future is coming apace, faster than we are prepared for it, and we are in danger of being overwhelmed. Verily is the word of God undergoing fulfilment, literal and awful, that he would cut short his work in righteousness; and short indeed is our span. Another of the poets, lent to earth in divine mercy, has depicted the relation of present to future by the commonplace incident of a potter working at his wheel, molding the plastic clay, as his intelligence and skill impel; and as he works he sings:

“Turn, turn, my wheel! All life is brief;
What now is bud will soon be leaf;
What now is leaf will soon decay.
The wind blows east, the wind blows west;
The blue eggs in the robin’s nest
Will soon have wings and beak and breast,
And flutter and fly away.

“Turn, turn, my wheel! This earthen jar
A touch can make, a touch can mar.
And shall it to the Potter say,
‘What makest thou? Thou hast no hand.’
As men who seek to understand
A world by their Creator planned,
Who wiser is than they.

“Turn, turn, my wheel! What is begun
At daybreak must at dark be done.
Tomorrow will be another day.
Tomorrow the hot furnace flame
Will search the heart and try the frame,
And stamp with honor, or with shame,
These vessels made of clay!”—*Longfellow*—“*Keramos.*”

To him who wills to be molded as the Master Potter would have him be, shall come the glory rightly belonging to a vessel of honor. To the weaver who works out the Designer’s plan, shall come the gift of tapestries, priceless and eternal, to adorn the abode prepared for him in the mansions of the just.

What of the future? A time of test and trial is upon us. Already the furnace flames are playing upon you and me. Can we stand the heat? Shall it prove us to be vessels of honor or of shame?

What of the future? Improvement, improvement, and again improvement!—the improvement that is mutual and reciprocal. The kingdom of God is a great Mutual Improvement organization.

The future shall teach us the true standard of improvement and progression. Today we too commonly gage one’s advancement or retrogression by that of one’s fellows. One is for the

moment prominent or obscure, great or otherwise, because he is a little ahead or behind others. But we yet shall learn to measure by an absolute standard; and if in our progression we can carry others with us, one or many, so much the greater shall be our glory and our joy.

The problems of the near future are among the most intricate and important ever given for solution to men in this school of mortality. Satan's forces are marshaled for battle under conditions of preparation and equipment born of the experience of ages; and the intensification of the world-old conflict between good and evil affects every one of us. The outcome as to the individual is largely in his own hands; the issue as to the Church of Jesus Christ is assured.

The possibilities of the future are sublimely summarized in the declaration of the Lord as to his own plan and purpose, worded in a Scripture re-revealed in this dispensation, a Scripture that has startled and inspired many a thoughtful mind. Thus said the Lord:

"For behold this is my work and my glory, to bring to pass the immortality and eternal life of man."

May you and I and all of us be participants in the supreme blessing, I humbly pray, in the name of Jesus Christ. Amen.

Serve ye the Lord

Awake, arise, seek ye the Lord,
Aye serve Him with your might,
His work roll on with one accord,
The cause of truth and right.

Brothers and sisters, let not sin
Your hearts and minds defile;
Go seek to save, and souls to win
From every kind of guile.

Thrust in your sickle now and reap,
Lay treasures up on high,
Aye serve the Lord now while 'tis day,
The night is drawing nigh.

Let not the sun go down upon
A day that's spent in vain
Be up and doing, serve the Lord,
Eternal glory gain.

Atascadero, Calif.

Annie G. Lauritzen.

To Rest

Words by E. B. WILLIAMS.

Music by EVAN STEPHENS.

Very tenderly.

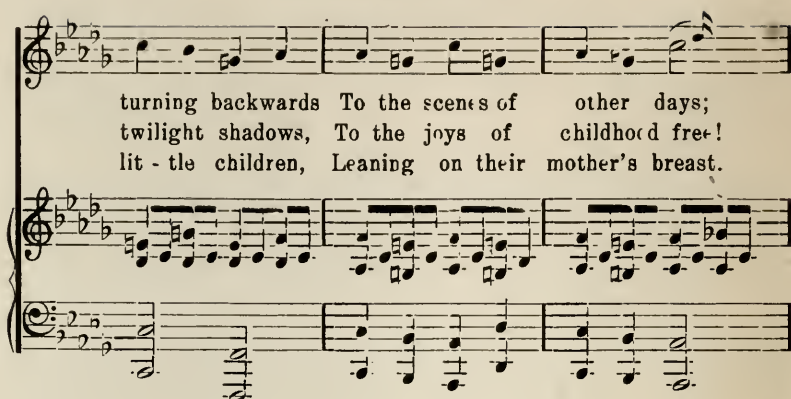
♩:

Very tenderly.

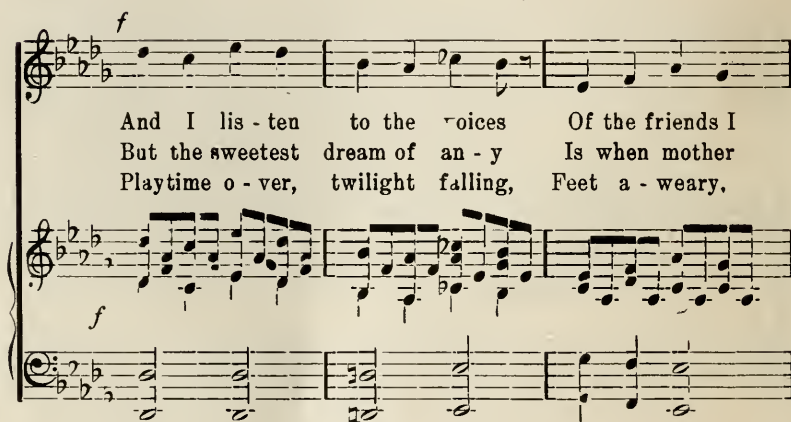
1. When I'm sitting in the twilight,
2. Oh the gold - en dreams that call us
3. When at last, like weary children,

poco rit. *a tem.*

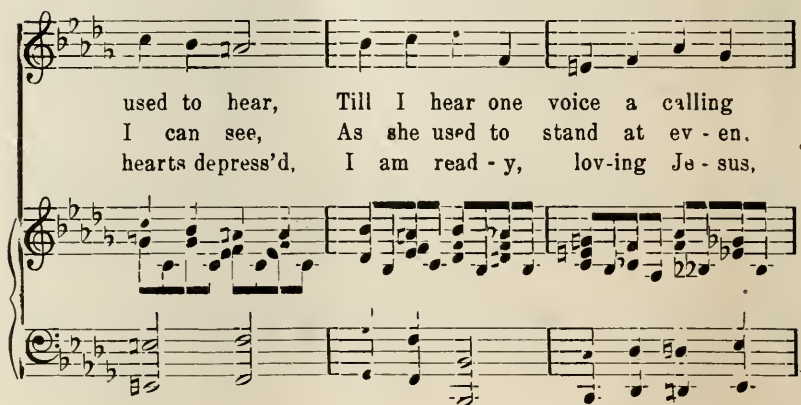
All the world just fades a - way, And old time goes
To the days that ne'er can be, Thro' the dusky
We are softly called to rest, May we go as



turning backwards To the scenes of other days;
 twilight shadows, To the joys of childhood free!
 lit - tle children, Leaning on their mother's breast.



f
 And I lis - ten to the voices Of the friends I
 But the sweetest dream of an - y Is when mother
 Playtime o - ver, twilight falling, Feet a - weary,



used to hear, Till I hear one voice a calling
 I can see, As she used to stand at ev - en,
 hearts depress'd, I am read - y, lov - ing Je - sus,

pp 1st. 2nd.

softly, "Come, it's bed time, dear; Come, come, it's
Calling, softly, call - ing me; Call - ing softly
Ready now to go to rest,

1st. 2nd.

pp poco rit.

bed time, dear," *D.S.* 3rd.

call - ing me.

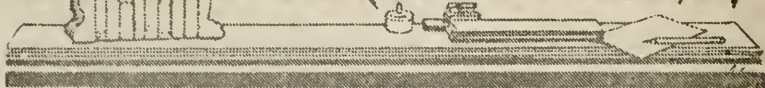
..... Ready now to

f a tem. *D.S.* 3rd.

go to rest

Slow.

EDITORS TABLE



Theory and Practice

During the National Education Association session in this city in the early part of July, the people who were privileged to meet in the various meetings of the organization were delighted with the excellent thoughts and ideas that were set forth by the speakers, many of whom were of national repute.

It must be noticed that one of the leading ideas of the speakers, and one that was practically referred to by all, was the necessity of impressing childhood with belief in God and, furthermore, with a love of one's neighbor: in other words, faith in God and service to man.

One of the speakers in the Tabernacle, at one of the meetings, particularly referred to the passage: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God, with all thy heart, and with all thy soul, and with all thy mind," and "thy neighbor as thyself," the great commandments which the Savior named the first and the second. He then dwelt upon the necessity of faith in God and righteous living, and upon visualizing the people of the nations before the children so that they might know their customs, habits, and ideas, thus learning to love their neighbors through knowing them, for it was set forth that only by knowing our neighbors and becoming familiar with them, were we able acceptably to render service in their behalf.

The question of loving God and having faith in him was received with great approbation apparently by the large congregation of teachers who were present and whose business it is to mold the faith and character of the rising generation throughout the land.

It was noticed, however, that on adjourning the meeting, not a word of prayer or thanks was offered to God, and this was the case, with perhaps one exception, we believe, in department and general meetings throughout the whole session of the splendid and up-lifting gathering in this city.

If we learn to know our neighbors, far and near, by having them visualized in picture, becoming acquainted with them, and so learning to render service to them, shall we not then learn God through becoming acquainted with him? And how can we become acquainted with him more effectively than by ap-

proaching him through the first step that is given whereby he may be approached, namely, prayer? Why not, then, let the example be set by those who stand at the head of the schools throughout the nation, of approaching him in prayer, so that the children, seeing the way, may learn to walk therein, love God, and render appropriate service unto him?—A.

Program One-day Conventions Y. M. and Y. L. M. I. Y. A. and Religion Classes, 1920

Held Separate from the Regular Quarterly Conferences

Dates

- Sept. 5. Bingham, Hyrum, North Davis, South Davis.
- Sept. 12. Benson, Fremont, Liberty, Logan, Salt Lake, South Sanpete, Shelley, Yellowstone.
- Sept. 19. Alpine, Box Elder, Cottonwood, Ensign, Jordan, Rigby.
- Sept. 26. Blackfoot, Cache, Granite, Nebo, North Sanpete, Utah.
- Oct. 10. Bear River, Ogden, North Weber, Pioneer, Weber.

Instructions

In twenty-nine stakes only, this year, will separate, one-day conventions be held. These will be for the M. I. A. and the Religion Classes. In order that these conventions may be successful, please note the following instructions:

1. Advertise your convention. Distribute the circulars; make announcements in all public gatherings and in the local press.
2. Become familiar with the outlined work. Convention subjects should be thoroughly discussed with stake officers and those appointed on the program.
3. Plan to secure 100 per cent attendance. Every association in the stake should be completely organized and fully represented. All M. I. A. and Religion Class officers and class leaders are excused from Sunday school to attend this convention.
4. Attend to details. Provide separate rooms for the M. I. A. and Religion Class Meetings.

Notify the General Secretaries at least ten days prior to the convention that all arrangements have been made.

Program—Sunday, 9 a. m.

Joint Meeting of Stake Boards, with General Board Representatives

1. M. I. A. work for 1920-21, month by month—Member Stake Board.
This should be a brief statement as to general condition of the stake and of plans for carrying on each month's work.
2. M. I. A. Activities—Member General Board.
3. Pulling Together for Success—Member General Board.

Sunday, 11 a. m.—Joint Meeting M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers

1. Singing.
 - a. Community singing.
 - b. M. I. A. stake song.
2. Organization of Social Forces in the Church—Member General Board.
3. Discussion of Ward Problems—Conducted by Stake Board Member.
4. Two-minute Talks by Ward officers on their attitude towards the M. I. A.

Sunday, 2 P. M.—Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Separate Meeting

1. Teacher-Training—Member Stake Board.
2. The Efficiency Report, 1920-21—Member General Board.
3. Helping the Young Man to Find His Better Self—Member Stake Board.

Y. L. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Meeting

1. Teacher-Training—Member Stake Board.
2. The Efficiency Report, 1920-21—Member General Board.
3. Helping the Young Woman to be Her Better Self—Member Stake Board.

A brief, spirited talk is desired rather than a paper.

Sunday Evening, "Church Patriots and Church Patriotism."

Tho M. I. A. Slogan: "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco."

This meeting to be under the direction of the stake officers of the joint M. I. A. organizations.

Religion Class Program

Sunday Morning, 9 till 10:30

Meeting with Stake Board. Representatives of Stake Presidency.
High Council and Ward Bishopric are cordially invited.

1. Address: Origin and management:
 - a. Religionship of Stake Board to General Board and to Stake Presidency.
 - b. Relationship of ward workers to the bishopric and to public school faculties.
 - c. Executive leadership and team work—Representative of General Board.
2. Discussion.

Sunday morning, 10:30 till 12

Meeting with stake and ward workers, representatives of stake presidency high council and ward bishopric.

1. Class demonstration. Application of Teacher-Training work to the six steps—by representative of General Board.
2. Discussion.

Sunday Afternoon, 2 till 4

Meeting with stake and ward workers, representatives of stake presidency, high council and ward bishopric.

Program of teacher-training work for first, second and third sessions.

2. How to develop a Religion Class lesson—Representative of General Board.

Sunday Evening

Address (20 minutes). The relation of Religion Class work to present social and moral problems—Representative of General Board.

Program of Auxiliary Group Conventions, for 1920 Held in Connection with the Regular Quarterly Conferences

Dates

July 31 and Aug. 1—Taylor, Boise, Curlew, Raft River, Summit, Wayne.

Aug. 7 and 8—Emery, Millard, Alberta, Juab.

Aug. 14 and 15—San Juan, Bannock, Big Horn, Teton, Blaine, Malad.

Aug. 21 and 22—Portneuf, Pocatello, Young, Bear Lake, Burley.

Aug. 28 and 29—Panguitch, Idaho, San Luis.

Sept. 4 and 5—Kanab, Morgan, Lost River, Twin Falls, Oneida.

Sept. 18 and 19—St. George, Uintah, Star Valley, Union, Montpelier.

Sept. 25 and 26—Sevier, Deseret, Duchesne, Carbon, Parowan.

Following the October General Conference:

Beaver, Tooele, Tintic, St. Johns, Wasatch, Woodruff, Cassia, Snowflake, Maricopa, St. Joseph, Moapa, Franklin not set, Roosevelt not set.

Instructions

With the approval of the General Authorities of the Church, arrangements have been made for the holding of stake group conventions during 1920, with the six auxiliaries of each stake participating. These group conventions will be held on dates as indicated, during the period of quarterly conferences, and will take the place of the former auxiliary conferences, in these stakes. All stakes are not included in this list, conventions having been held in them for the Relief Society, Sunday Schools and Primary Associations. Special dates will be arranged for by M. I. A. and Religion Classes, and said stakes notified.

The program for group conventions contemplates that there shall be in attendance, all stake and ward workers of six auxiliary organizations; that presiding authorities, the priesthood of stakes and wards and the general public shall be invited to attend and so participate as to increase their understanding and interest in all auxiliary endeavor; that representatives of each general board be in attendance to further the interests of their respective organizations.

It is arranged to hold meetings that will offer practical and definite assistance to each association, such as:

General sessions where subjects of equal interest to all may be presented.

Separate meetings of stake boards.

Departmental meetings where definite and practical help is to be given to ward workers.

This does not mean that the quarterly conferences will be supplanted by auxiliary conventions, but it does mean that one of these conferences will be devoted to the consideration of the duties and purpose of the various auxiliary associations.

The presidency of the stake will have charge, and all necessary official business of the stake receive attention. The stake choir will provide music for all general sessions as usual. Inasmuch as the program of these group conventions contemplates the attendance of all stake and ward workers of six auxiliary organizations, it will be necessary to make special arrangements to accommodate the groups who must assemble at the same time in various meetings. All presiding authorities and priesthood of stake and wards are invited to attend.

Programs

Saturday, 10 a. m.—Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Address: "The Tobacco Evil—By General Board Representative.

1. The enforcement of the law. 2. Encouraging our people not to sell. 3. Educating the people. 4. Proper legislation.

Slogan: "We stand for the non-use and non-sale of tobacco."

Saturday, 11 a. m.—Joint Meeting M. I. A. Boards.

1. M. I. A. Work for 1920-21, month by month—Member Stake Board. A statement of general condition of the stake, and of plans for carrying on each month's work from October to May inclusive.

2. M. I. A. Activities—Member General Board.

3. Pulling Together for Success—Member General Board.

Saturday, 2 P. M.—Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

1. Address: "Organization of the Social Forces in the Church" by General Board representative.

Saturday, 3 P. M.—Joint meeting M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers.

1. Singing (a) Contest in Community Singing (b) M. I. A. Stake Song.

2. Discussion of ward problems, conducted by stake officer.

3. Two-minute talks of ward officers on their attitude toward the M. I. A.

Saturday, 4 p. m.—Department Meetings of Organizations.—Superintendents and Presidencies of all Organizations.

1. Art of Presiding.

a. Preparation.—1. Council meeting, 2. Assignments, 3. Physical condition.

b. Conduct of Exercises.—1. Attitude, 2. Dispatch, 3. Order of Business, 4. Ushers.

2. Co-ordination and Co-operation of Auxiliaries.

a. Distinctive.—1. Duplication.

b. Co-operation.—1. Subjects, 2. Methods.

Secretaries and Treasurers of all Organizations.

1. Minutes, 2. Rolls, 3. Reports, 4. Correspondence.

Choristers and Organists of all Organizations.

1. Inspirational Topic: "Our Songs as a Moral and Spiritual Development."

a. What songs to use.—b. Appropriateness of songs necessary.—c. preparation.

2. "The Technicalities and Essentials of a Song."

a. Time.—b. Rythmn.—c. Attack and release.—d. Tone quality.—e. Enunciation and pronunciation.—f. Thought development and expression. (Song vs. Prayer.)

3. Duties of the Organist.

a. As soloist. (Preliminary music, marches, etc.) Preparation.

b. As accompanist (Announcement of the songs, interludes, chords for rising.) c. Piano vs. organ.

4. Co-operation of Chorister and Organist.

a. Chorister and organist should meet to plan work.—1. Choosing of songs to suit topics, seasons and special occasions. 2. Harmony of opinion relating to tempo and expression.

Saturday Evening Social (Optional).

A stake social, to be programmed and given under direction of the Stake Social Committee.

Note: It is suggested that the Committee avail itself of the services of the representative of the stake at the summer course recently given at Provo.

Sunday, 9 a. m.—Y. M. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Separate Meeting.

1. Efficiency report, 1920-21—Member General Board.

2. Helping the Young Man to Find his Better Self—Member of Stake Board.

Y. L. M. I. A. Stake and Ward Officers' Separate Meeting.

1. Efficiency Report, 1920-21—Member General Board.

2. Helping the Young Woman to be Her Better Self—Member Stake Board.

This should be a brief, spirited talk rather than a paper.

Sunday, 10:30 a. m.—Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Address: Teacher-training.

Sunday, 2 p. m.—Regular Quarterly Conference Session.

Sunday, 7 p. m.—(Optional). General Remarks.

PASSING EVENTS



The population of continental United States is estimated at 105,000,000, by J. A. Hill, chief statistician of the census bureau. The increase over the figures of 1910, is 13,000,000. The aggregate population of the 1,406 cities and towns on which the estimate was made is 41,029,354. This is an average gain of 26 per cent, compared with 35 per cent in the previous decade.

A Latter-day Saint meetinghouse, erected for the accommodation of Indian members of the Church and their friends in the Birthhold Indian reservation in North Dakota, was recently dedicated by Elder John M. Knight, president of the Western States mission. The new chapel was built largely from donations by the Indians themselves. About 160 were present at the dedication, and the occasion was marked by an abundant outpouring of the Holy Spirit.

Palestine has great possibilities for development, says Mr. I. Wilkansky, head of the agricultural division of the Zionist world organization at Jerusalem, who arrived in Salt Lake June 21, with I. Gutmann, an irrigation expert, to study agricultural conditions in Utah, and colonization methods of the L. D. S. Church. Mr. Wilkansky said, "Irrigation will be used where needed, and export of tropical fruits and grains will help to assure the success of the colonization."

Conditions in Mexico are better under the new government than they were previously. This is the opinion of David E. Johnson, of Colonia Juarez, who arrived in Salt Lake City on June 21. He is quoted, as follows: "The colonists are enlarging their farms, going into the mountain colonies and developing the water resources, especially at Colonia Dublan. The new government has treated the L. D. S. people very fairly, and life seems much safer under the present system and administration."

Statistics on churches, published by the Home Mission Council, a Protestant organization, discloses the surprising fact that 31 new denominations have been organized during the last ten years, and that 17 old ones have dropped out of sight. It is also set out that there are now 202 denominations in the United States. Churchmembers in good standing number 41,926,854, including all religious bodies. This is said to be an increase of 6,860,000, or 20 per cent, in ten years. It is also claimed that 43.9 per cent of the church members are male.

The cornerstone of a new Latter-day Saint hospital was laid, June 30, at Idaho Falls, Idaho, by Elder Melvin J. Ballard, in the presence of more than 1,000 people. Addresses were made by the mayor of Idaho Falls, President of the Idaho Falls Rotary club and Stake Presidents Mark Austin, Fremont stake; Heber C. Austin, Bingham; James Duckworth, Blackfoot; Don C. Driggs, Teton; John W. Hart, Rigby, and Daniel G. Miller, Yellowstone. Elder Ballard also dedicated a new stake office at Idaho Falls, which, besides containing a baptismal font, will be the stake headquarters.

Impressive funeral services for the late Carl J. W. Carlson, the veteran tympanist of the Salt Lake Theater orchestra, were held from the Musicians' Hall in the Macintosh building, June 23. Bishop Charles W. Huhl of the Nineteenth ward officiated. Among those who spoke was Manager George Pyper of the Salt Lake theater. The funeral procession was escorted by a fifty-piece band, furnished by the A. F. of M. R. Owen Sweeten conducted. Mr. Carlson, before coming to this country, was a member of a royal orchestra in Stockholm, Sweden, his native land, and often played on the famous palace grounds.

The death of Colonel Enos Andrew Wall, Salt Lake City, occurred at his palatial residence on South Temple Street, June 29, after a long illness caused by a cancerous growth. Colonel Wall was born at Richmond, Ind., June 21, 1839. He came to Utah in 1868, after having lived for some years in Colorado and Montana. Since 1887 he has been interested in the Bingham mining district where he laid the foundation of the now famous Utah Copper Company. As a successful miner, a public-spirited citizen, and a straight-forward, honorable business man he has filled an important part in the development of the West.

The First Zionist international conference in seven years met in London, July 7, to formulate a political program for the administration of the affairs of Palestine. Associate justice of the U. S. Supreme Court, Louis D. Brandeis, was elected president of the conference. In his address he said, in part: "The great opportunity has come to the Jewish people. The nations of the world have publicly recognized the Jewish homeland in Palestine. They can do no more. The rest lies with us." It is estimated that 50,000 Jews will take up their residence in Palestine during the next twelve months, and that £ 4,000,000 would be required for the Zionist effort during that time.

Ex-Empress Eugenie, widow of the ill-fated Napoleon III., died, July 11, at Madrid, Spain, 94 years of age. She was born at Granada, Spain, May 5, 1826, being the second daughter of the Count of Montijo. In 1851 she met Louis Napoleon and was married to him two years later. For a number of years she was the most feted and most influential woman in Europe, but in her political ventures she was ill-advised and unfortunate. After the war with Prussia in 1870 and the downfall of the Napoleonic empire, she narrowly escaped a threatening mob, by precipitate flight across the Channel. In 1873 her husband died, and in 1879 her son was killed by the Zulus. That ended her aspirations for the future.

Otto Julius Poulson, for about three years bishop of Timpanogos ward, Utah stake, and a brother of M. Wilford Poulson of the Brigham Young University, died in Logan, Feb. 3, 1920, of influenza. He was born in Sweden, April 30, 1872, and came to Utah when a boy, and lived for some time with his parents, the late Neils Poulson and Maria Wahlstrom, at Pleasant Grove. During 1902-4 he filled a mission to his native land, where he presided over the Skoefde and Oscarshamn branches of the Gothenburg conference. Bishop Poulson is spoken of as a faithful worker in both Church and civic affairs and a splendid, enterprising citizen, whose services were highly valued. He leaves a host of friends.

Another political party was formed in Chicago, July 13, when the so-called committee of forty-eight voted to join the National Labor party, and members of other groups, such as the nonpartisan league and single taxers, decided to amalgamate. The platform of the new party demands recognition for Ireland and soviet Russia and the establishment of a league

of nations "to the end that kings and wars be abolished." It also demands control of industries by the workers and public ownership and operation of public utilities and natural resources. The convention adopted as the name of the new organization, "The Farmer-Labor Party," and nominated Attorney Parley P. Christensen, of Salt Lake City, as the presidential candidate, Senator La Follette, having declined the honor.

Utah raised \$2,261.87 for "America's Gift to France," according to C. Clarence Neslen, chairman of the state committee. The report has been sent to Myron T. Herrick, national chairman and former ambassador to France. The state quota was only \$1,000, and, as usual, Utah more than doubled the sum expected from her people. "America's Gift to France" will probably be a monument on the Marne river, where the German armies were stopped in 1914. It is estimated that \$250,000 will be spent. Members of the Utah committee were: C. Clarence Neslen, chairman; G. N. Child, Adam S. Bennion, Hamilton Gardner, Daniel J. Lang, Thomas O'Brien, Herbert Hirschman, R. Q. Cannon, E. A. Smith, Mrs. F. S. Richards, Mrs. L. M. Bailey, Mrs. Sheldon I. Clawson, D. W. Moffatt, S. A. Stephens and Mrs. T. W. Arnold.

A series of earthquake shocks disturbed the people of Los Angeles, Cal., during the night of June 21st and in the early morning hours of the 22nd. At Inglewood, twenty-one business houses were wholly or partly demolished and nearly every dwelling was damaged to some extent. The disturbance is ascribed to a slipping of the strata in the principal geological fault extending along the coast range mountains from a point on the northern California coast about 200 miles north of San Francisco to the gulf of lower California. This fault, it is said, follows the coast line closely for a distance of about 100 miles south of San Francisco, when it swerves inland approximately twenty miles and gradually extends further eastward, traversing Los Angeles, Riverside and San Diego counties. Another series of earthquake shocks visited Los Angeles on July 16, and threw the people into a panic.

The boy Scout caravan to Bryce Canyon and Zion National Park left Salt Lake City, July 10, about 10 o'clock a. m. There were 270 in the company. The cars were secured through the Utah State Automobile association, but notwithstanding all efforts to secure enough vehicles, between 20 and 30 boys were left behind for lack of accommodations. W. B. Jenkins was the commander-in-chief of the train. The itinerary included Mt. Pleasant, Richfield, Bryce Canyon, Cedar City, Zion National Park, St. George, Beaver City, and Nephi, and return to Salt Lake City on July 18.

The annual convention of the National Education Association was opened by a session in the Salt Lake Tabernacle, June 5. Addresses of welcome were made by City Superintendent George N. Child and Governor Bamberger. Dr. A. E. Winship, of Boston, responded on behalf of the Association. Dr. E. A. Smith, former superintendent of Salt Lake City schools, introduced the chairman, George D. Strayer. The concluding session was held on June 9, with the adoption of the reorganization plan endorsed by a majority of the Utah representation, and the election of officers for the next year. Prof. M. Wilford Poulsen, of the Brigham Young University, and author of "Conditions and needs of secondary school libraries in Utah," was appointed vice president of the library department of the N. E. A. During the convention he presented a report on "Methods in operation for stimulating and guarding the home reading of boys and girls," among which was the M. I. A. course of reading plan.

Old Folks day was observed at Saltair, June 22, when close to 1,800 persons over 70 years of age enjoyed the program prepared for them: At noon luncheon was served at the pavilion by the various wards. In the afternoon addresses were given by President Charles W. Penrose, B. F. Grant of the Old Folks central committee; Dr. George Wharton James, of Pasadena, Cal., and Joseph Nelson. John Redmond, 97 years of age, and Elizabeth Gentry and Ann Erskine, both 96 years of age, were the oldest guests present and were awarded rocking chairs as prizes. Music was furnished by the Old Folks choir, under the direction of Thomas Butler, and Sweeten's military band. Mrs. Amelia Margetts Croft rendered a solo. The Old Folks central committee, who had charge of general arrangements, consisted of Bishop Charles W. Nibley, Andrew Jensen, George B. Margetts, Joshua B. Bean, George E. Bourne, George L. Savage, Oscar F. Hunter, Heber C. Iverson, and William B. Barton.

Governor James M. Cox, of Ohio, was nominated for President of the United States, by the Democratic convention in San Francisco, July 6, 1920, on the forty-fourth ballot. Mr. Cox was born near Jacksonburg, O., March 31, 1870. He has been a member of Congress for three terms, and governor of Ohio for an equal number of terms. Franklin D. Roosevelt, assistant secretary of the navy and a distant relative of the late ex-president, Theodore Roosevelt, was nominated for the second place on the ticket. The platform adopted covers many subjects. It endorses the policy of President Wilson on the peace treaty of Versailles and declares in favor of its ratification without reservations which would impair its essential integrity; it pledges the party to a policy of economy and the prosecution of profiteers; it favors the settlement of industrial disputes by peaceful means, endorses the proposed woman suffrage constitutional amendment, declares in favor of legislation to aid disabled soldiers in becoming independent owners of homes, and promises ample appropriations for the reclamation of arid lands. Sympathy is expressed for the aspirations of Ireland, and for the new nations liberated by the war, but the platform is silent on the question of prohibition.

The funeral of George Farnes Budd, a boy scout of Bob White Patrol, Troupe 56, and son of Geo. H. and Edith Farnes Budd, was held at the Wasatch Ward meetinghouse, Saturday, May 29, with full military honors—the first time, it is said, that such tribute of respect has been paid to any departed member of the scout organization in Salt Lake. Bishop M. O. Ashton of Wasatch and Bishop C. E. Davey of Cannon Ward were in charge. Herbert Van Dam, Jr. and N. G. Morgan of the Boy Scout Council, Oscar A. Kirkham, Scout Executive; D. E. Hammond, assistant; Dr. J. Leo Shepard and C. C. Friel of the local organization represented the boy scouts of America. The speakers were Principals Coombs and Kessler of the Uintah and Riverside schools. Dr. Shepard, ward scoutmaster, Scout Commissioner Oscar Kirkham, and President Cannon of Pioneer stake. A unique fetature was the conferring of the honor of a first class scout on the departed. In doing so, Dr. Shepard spoke feelingly of the devotion of Georgie to scout ideals. N. G. Morgan, scout executive, then pinned the scout medal on the breast of the body. He was the first scout in Salt Lake to be so decorated after death. At the open grave scout exercises were held. As the casket was lowered in the grave one of the buglers blew taps, and with the scout prayer on the lid of the flag-draped casket the mortal remains of Georgie Budd were solemnly consigned to Mother Earth. Elder German E. Ellsworth, former president of the Northern States mission, dedicated the grave. In this life the deceased was known for his courage and optimism. After death he has the enviable reputation of having lived and died a "good scout."

Elder Oscar A. Kirkham left Salt Lake City, June 27, to accompany America's delegation of boy scouts to the international gathering in London, July 25 to August 7. The government chartered the steamship *Pocahontas* for the accommodation of the delegates, which left New York, July 5, for England. The American scout delegation is headed by Chas. F. Smith as director of activities and executive officer. Mr. Smith has for ten years been interested in scouting and is head of the work at Teachers' College, Columbia university. Others on the supervisory committee are scout commissioners from Denver and Knoxville, superintendent of the Culver Military academy, superintendent of the Shenandoah Valley school for boys and the assistant superintendent of schools at Pittsburg. Mr. Kirkham's official duties as morale officer is to keep up the spirit of the American scouts, including those from Hawaii and Cuba. During the contests the champion boy scout of the world will be chosen. By means of a fund raised by the boy scouts in Salt Lake City, Reed Vetterli, of troop 35, and Francis Goeltz, of troop 51, have been enabled to represent the capital of Utah at the international jamboree. The boys thus honored are charter members of the troops to which they belong; both are senior patrol leaders. Scout Vetterli is the son of Bishop and Mrs. John Vetterli, 923 East Seventh South, of Emigration ward, and Scout Goeltz is son of Dr. and Mrs. Francis A. Goeltz of 1150 East Second South. Scout Vetterli besides holding a high record in scouting, has never been absent or tardy from the public or East high school from which he graduated. Since December, 1916, he has studied scouting under the direction of Scoutmaster Tom S. Green. Scout Goeltz has been in scouting since March, 1917, under the tutelage of Scoutmaster E. B. Heisler.

Oscar A. Kirkham, before sailing for Europe, June 28, wrote:

"The boys from California who are with us are splendid Scouts. One little fellow, Sam, is a wonderful boy. His parents are dead. He is alive and able to do many worth-while things. His companion is a millionaire's son of San Francisco. This is one of the wonderful things in scouting."

A Successful Conference Held at Gridley, California

"The second semi-annual conference was held at Gridley, May 7, 8, 9. Jos. W. McMurrin, president of the California mission; President Wm. N. Hodges, of the Gridley conference; President W. W. Richards, of the San Francisco conference; Claude C. Cornwall, president of the Sunday schools and mutuals of the mission; Sister Jones, president of the mission Relief Societies, and thirty-two elders and ten lady missionaries, were present. Eight meetings were held, and the total attendance was 1,966. Most of the elders were afforded the opportunity of addressing the Saints and they spoke upon the various subjects with zeal and conviction. Many testimonies were born and the spirit of the gospel was enjoyed exceedingly by those in attendance.

The Saints received all visitors with the greatest kindness and hospitality. It was evident that all were benefited by the associations of the day and the elders left for their various fields of labor with a new determination to do good and spread the gospel truth."—*Elder Ove Inkley*, Conference Clerk.

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To the Readers and Subscribers of the *Improvement Era*:—A number of important articles relating to social work, missionary work, Priesthood activities, as well as general articles on interesting subjects, have been crowded out of this number of the *Era*, owing to lack of space. They will have attention in our September number which will be printed on the 24th of August, until which time we beg the patience of all concerned.

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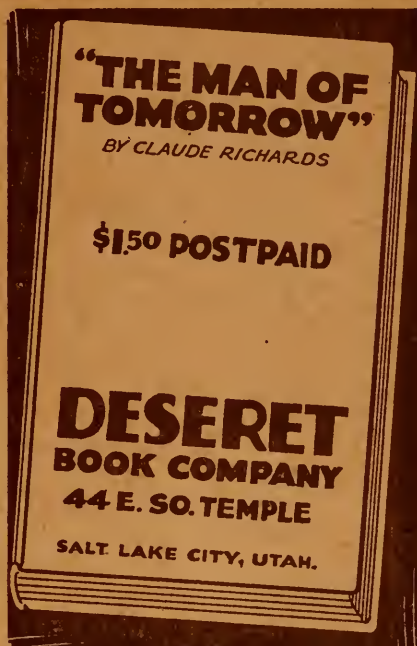
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